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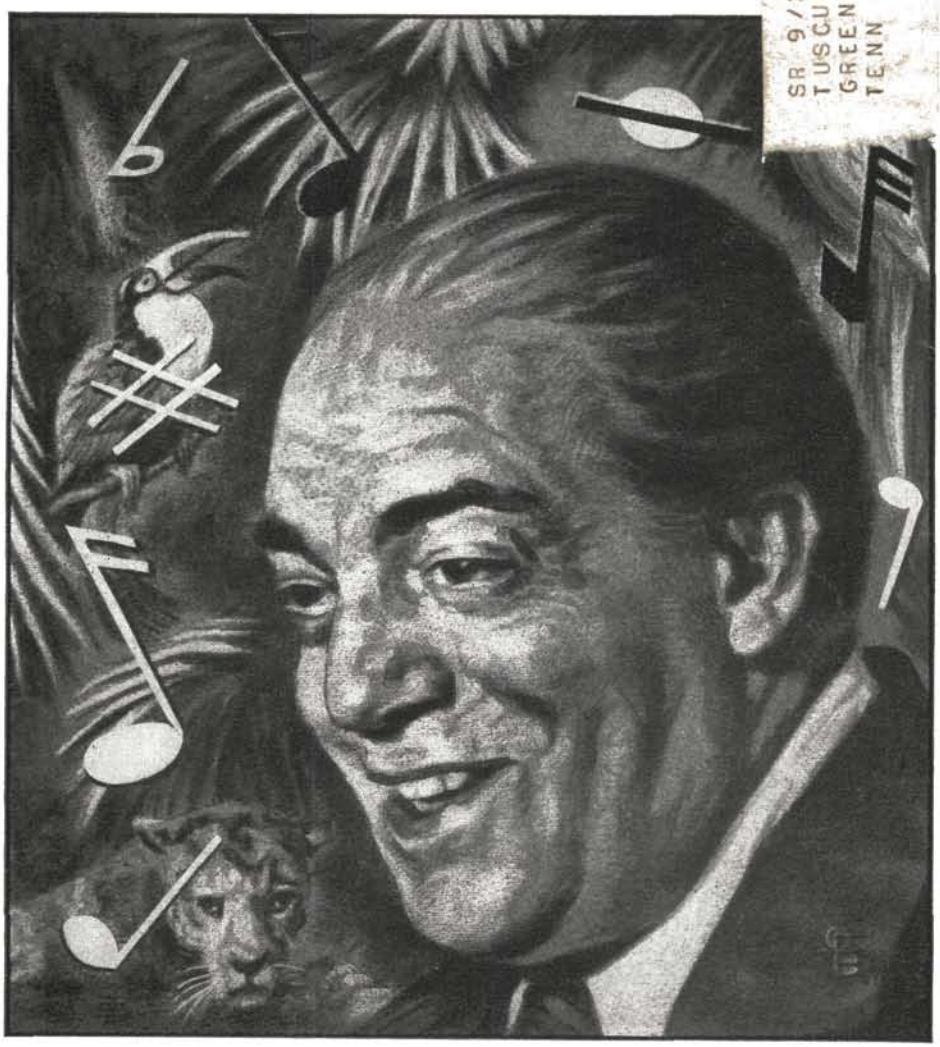

Heitor Villa-Lobos. (See SRL's *New Supplement,* RECORDINGS)

Tilley the Toiler

By RUSSELL MALONEY

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Let's Wake Up Rip Van Winkle!

Millions of bushels of food may rot in our fields this harvest time, instead of being available to the world's markets—because we are short of freight cars. Here is a way that thousands of cars can be freed for service in a hurry.

ARE you interested in the price of food? Does it give you a twinge to see those pictures of mountains of wheat piled on the ground and potatoes going to rot—when there's a desperate world food crisis?

The bottle-neck is our freight-car shortage. But thousands of cars could be freed by a single decision—if old-line railroad managements would act.

Don't Blame the War!

This is hard to believe, but it's true: we have today only three-fourths as many freight cars in our country as we had twenty years ago. This shrunken fleet is now called on to handle the greatest peacetime traffic in history. And the war itself is not to blame for the shortage—for in no single year from 1925 to the start of hostilities did the railroad industry buy as many cars as it junked. Twenty years is a long time for even Rip Van Winkle to sleep!

What Can Be Done?

There is at least one remedy that can be applied at once—despite the steel shortage and other difficulties in car-building. This remedy requires no new equipment, no period of time—nothing but an act of management:

Lift what appear to be agreements between railroads that deliberately slow down freight trains!

Here is an example. There are eight important routes by which you can ship "fast" freight from California to Chicago. These routes vary in length as much as 450 miles. But, curiously, the time schedule for each of the eight is exactly 118 hours—and 30 minutes!

Similarly, scheduled freight trains moving west over the important routes from Chicago to the Coast areas, despite great differences in terrain and mileage, take exactly 130 hours—on the nose!

Is This Free Competition?

Could it be that these schedules are fixed by agreement? That the trains which could be fastest are held back for the slowest—so that no road can have even the slightest competitive advantage?

Railroad men know that, in many instances, a whole day could be cut off these schedules between California and Chicago—if managements would simply order it. If that were done, on these roads and on others, it would ease the national car shortage at once!

There is good reason to believe that by lifting deliberate freight slow-downs, on the roads that still practice them, *we could provide more cars this summer and fall than our shops can possibly build.* And every car is desperately needed!

Are old-line managements asleep in the dell while many freight trains creep at a snail's pace—by agreement?

A Call For Action!

The next few weeks will be the critical ones in our food problem. Our wheat crop is estimated to exceed any previous record by 300 million bushels. *It is even now being piled in the fields—for want of cars.*

If you feel as strongly about this as the C&O does, write to your newspaper and your congressman.

Ask them to stir up Rip Van Winkle—and tell him that time is short. Demand that our trains be scheduled not merely to suit the private deals of the railroads, but so that we can make the best use, for the whole public, of our depleted stock of freight cars!

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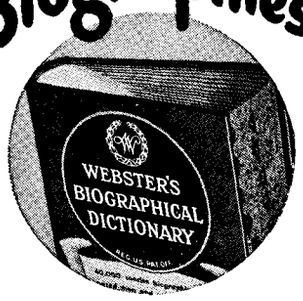

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August 30, 1947

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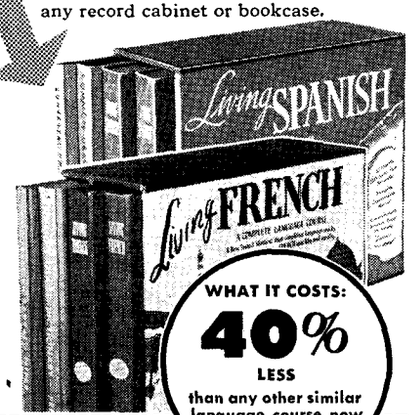

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TRADE Winds

READERS' RESPONSE to the Trade Winds column of July 12 revealed a countrywide interest in the present-day problems of the book-publishing world. It revealed also at least three common misconceptions which I shall try to clear up before offering excerpts of a few of the letters received.

1. "Why don't you cut costs by binding books in paper instead of cloth?" This remedy has been tried by a few publishers, but the savings, unfortunately, are negligible. Ten average-sized books can be bound from a single yard of cloth. With book cloths selling today at from twenty-five to forty cents a yard, and the heavy paper necessary to substitute therefor selling at about eight cents a yard, the net saving per book runs to only two or three cents. Paper bindings do nothing to eliminate or reduce the costs of folding, gathering, sewing, cover-making, and casing.

2. "Why don't you refuse to publish bad books, even when they are written by important authors?" Most publishers actually go to great lengths to avoid sponsoring books, contracted for in outline, that fail to live up to standard upon completion. Remember, however, that one publisher's idea of a fine book may be a competitor's idea of garbage—and that the best of them have guessed wrong too often to be arbitrary in their judgments. Remember, too, that contracts are binding, and publishers must have a manifestly legitimate excuse for canceling them. When one of their important authors produces a bad book—and lackaday, how often that happens!—the publisher is in a spot for fair. If he turns down the book, do you think for one moment that the chastened author throws it into a trunk in the attic, and forgets it? Not a chance! He takes it to a competitor who grabs it with a whoop of joy, and publishes it with not one crummy paragraph deleted. That book, probably, is a failure, but, often as not, the author bounces back next time with a humdinger that is chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club and sells a million copies. That happened to me once with an erratic boy wonder and I wouldn't like to see it happen again! (For an amusing and illuminating story of author-agent-publisher relationships I recommend Dick Mealand's new novel, "Let Me Do the Talking.")

3. "Why don't you advertise more in local newspapers?" The average amount available for advertising a novel expected to sell ten thousand copies is twenty-five hundred dollars. There are over fifteen hundred newspapers in the United States. Figure it out for yourself. Some publishers believe that, on all but major campaigns, best results can be accomplished by spending the entire budget in one important medium, and making a show, at least, for the author, the agent—and competitors. Another is convinced that any appropriation under three thousand dollars is a complete waste of money. He likes to tell the story of the merchant who looked up the head of a famous agency and said, "I want you to plan a nation-wide advertising campaign for my new product." "Great," said the ad-man. "How much are you prepared to spend?" "$25,000," announced the merchant. The ad-man put a hand on his shoulder, and told him softly, "Brother, you are trying to fertilize America with a caraway seed."

Here is a letter from Cass Canfield, chairman of the board of Harper's:

> Your analysis of the present state of the trade book business seems to me basically correct. It is important that all those involved in publishing—authors, publishers, booksellers and manufacturers — should be well aware of the situation today.
>
> As you indicate, the publisher's profit margin on his sales volume has been eliminated because present manufacturing costs and salary overhead have nearly doubled in the past few years. In consequence, publishers must depend for their profit upon a share in the sale of subsidiary rights. This is not a healthy situation, and makes the publication of the experimental book, a vital function of the publisher, extremely hazardous.
>
> The solution to the problems now confronting trade publishers is difficult inasmuch as an increase in present retail prices is highly inadvisable. Other ways must be found to reduce expenses such as technological improvements in book manufacturing and the reduction whenever possible of all the cost items that go into the publication of a book. On the positive side of increasing the publisher's revenue, I entirely agree with you that the publisher should get a fair share of motion picture rights in view of the relation between book sales and the price obtained for such rights.
>
> A word about book sales. They are substantially down as compared to a year ago. On the other hand, sales today are still well above the pre-war average. That is an encouraging factor in the face of many adverse ones.

From Curtis Lindsay, San Jose bookseller:

> One noticeable way in which publishers could at least save some expense would be to revise their mailing lists. For instance, last week I received seven envelopes from Whittlesey House addressed to various members of our organization, some of whom haven't been with us for years, and of which the material was identical. Instances of

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this sort are repeated many times a week. Another one in the current mail from E. P. Dutton & Co. was addressed personally to a former employee who hasn't been with me for five years.

Another angle is the loss due to improperly packaged display material. There isn't one card in ten sent us by the publisher which isn't damaged in transit due to improper packing; consequently it is not only the loss of the card but also the cost of mailing and packing because the material received is useless.

Multiply our small situation here by the dozens and dozens of publishers and hundreds of dealers and I imagine the annual figures are really something.

From author Gerald Johnson, of Baltimore:

Publishers are obviously schizophrenics, presenting the Jekyll side to non-fiction writers, the Hyde side to novelists. Practically every novelist of my acquaintance knows that the publisher is a knave whose secondary objective is sordid gain, but whose primary purpose in living is the obliteration of Art and the persecution of the Artist. Since I am not a novelist I must assume that they know and I don't, so I take their word for it.

But as a writer of non-fiction I have had fairly intimate contact with four publishers and done some business with three others and I testify that of these exactly seven were hell-bent on Art and startlingly neglectful of profit. Every man of them has worked on my manuscript much harder than I had a right to expect, and some have come close to making silk purses out of doubtful material. It is true that I have dealt only with well-established, reputable houses but it is also true that I have never been gypped and sometimes have had my attention called to financial advantages that I had overlooked.

My quarrel with publishers is that they are, if anything, too high-toned. Good wine does need a bush. The better the book, the greater its need for a high-powered merchandizing policy. The literary quality of non-fiction now being published is moderately good, but sales, in a potential market of 140,000,000, are absurdly small. Publishers do sell books occasionally, but they do not sell the habit of reading as the automobile industry sold the habit of trading in cars and as the clothing industry sells the lengthening or shortening of skirts. Maybe the hucksters are a lousy outfit, but for all that my admonition to publishers is, "Go to the louse, thou sluggard."

From a dissatisfied customer—Ruth King, of New York:

Thank you for speaking out in meeting regarding the trash publishers offer to the once unsuspecting but lately more wary public. Personally I have started to reread the works of Jane Austen—then there are lots of good books on gardening. So far they haven't introduced the abnormal in gardening books—but there'd be a remedy—a good strong spray. That's what I'd like to use on some of the popular novels. There is evidently a part of your book-buying public that doesn't thrive on sordid psychopathic muck and slime.

From Whitney Darrow, vice-president of Charles Scribner's Sons:

You have faced facts which aren't easy to take. Nothing can be done about some of the things we are up against, but they may prove to a certain extent blessings in disguise in helping publishers to become more selective in books taken for publication and in radically reducing costs which have crept in on us "in order to keep up with the Joneses." Even with an eye to the things you so well point out, publishing will require even more careful planning and direction than ever before. If manufacturing and

overhead are to remain as they are, it's going to hurt not only the publisher, but the author, agent, bookseller, and the reader.

From author Harnett Kane, of New Orleans:

You left out one thing, to my mind, under possible remedies—fewer books, and, as a result, a concentration on intelligent development of a reading public for those that are published. So many are now published that the reader can't hope to keep up with the bare news of what's new. Also, how about a little more honesty in the ads; every book isn't the most glowing, the most magnificent indictment, the most brilliant social study, etc. Readers might believe more of what's told them, in the description of a book, if the bootless extravagances were left out.

From my limited experience, it would seem, too, that publishers need a closer coordination with the rest of the country—what's happening there, what people are interested in reading, etc. (The old business of New York and the rest of the nation.) As a simple business point: All too many publishers dump books on the salesmen and the bookstores without intelligent preparation, descriptive matter, advance comment, etc. All too many bookstore people—and I've heard them complain—blink and wonder, from the title, what the book's about; the salesmen frequently can't help them. Sometimes it's a matter of timing—late delivery of a manuscript, a slow-up in pro-

(*Continued on page* 28)

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THE OTHER DAY one of our editors brought his eleven-year-old son to town to see the Yankees play. The game turned out as well as any Yankee fan could wish, but it was over far too soon to please a small boy. As a result they found themselves in the late afternoon subway rush. The editor succeeded in squeezing his son into the bulging car, sardine-style, and was himself half-way in when the door, inexorably closing, caught him squarely in the stomach, one of the things which an editor, like an army, travels on. The boy looked at his father desperately and the crowd, self-immobilized, awaited with languid interest our editor's imminent bisection. Flexing his abdominal muscles, hardened by years of bending over backwards to authors, he managed to squirm neatly through, exchanging schizophrenia for speechless claustrophobia.

Not until they were safely above-ground and on the ferry, heading for the mauve shoreline of Jersey, did the boy speak:

"Dad, do you have to do this every day?"

"Yes, I do, son. Yes, I do."

"You know, dad, I think cities are terrible. When I grow up, I'm going to live in a little town."

The editor nodded abstractedly, his eyes on the headlines of his newspaper, his mind, as always, on literature, current and choice. Suddenly he heard his son's voice saying something that, for a moment, made them two men together.

"Dad, I think *I'd* have a couple of cocktails every night if *I* had to do this every day."

After all, thought the editor, he didn't say "too."

* * *

Cities, they tell us, are growing bigger and more monstrous every day, and small towns are getting smaller and, some say, duller. We don't agree with the second part, about the dullness, because we don't think that a town, any more than a boy, need necessarily be dull because it is small. The biggest bore we ever knew was the biggest bore simply because he was big — and boring.

Which brings us to the book. It's about a man who lived out his life in a small town, although he got out of it pretty often, too; written by a man who grew up in a village and then went to the city to write the book.

Emporia, Kansas, is a small town, in a way, although we'll bet you the price of this* that the Emporia Chamber of Commerce refers to it as a city. Any town with more than ten houses is called a city in our proud Southwest. But Emporia has character. Its spacious streets are shaded with graceful trees; it has calm, dignity and an unmistakable personality. We would like to know it better. We'd like to meet some of the people who liked William Allen White and whom he liked so well. We'd like to hear them tell of the spunk and wisdom and pungent humor he left as a legacy to Emporia and which Emporia shares with the rest of the nation.

When we came to the end of this book we felt as though we had just parted from a warm, red-headed friend. You have read about William Allen White, of course, and about Walter Johnson's book, on the front pages of the book review sections of The New York *Times*, the Chicago *Sun*, the Philadelphia *Bulletin* and the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

But we want to add another word or so about the small town. We have been wondering why the young people are quitting the small towns. Maybe it's because in a small town age is so normal. Maybe the small town is losing its youth because the old inhibit the young, since they think more of the hereafter than of the heretofore. And when it comes to morals, small towns think in terms of what they see taking place in front of the barn, not behind it. We think small towns and cities will become great (*not* big) when more people resolve, the way William Allen White did, to live with people as known quantities, not anonymously, as is now the way of men in cities.

*advertisement

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A PROFILE OF THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE BY RUSSELL MALONEY

Sketches by SRL *artist Hal McIntosh with apologies to* NEW YORKER *artists Thurber, Chas. Addams, R. Taylor, and Steinberg.*

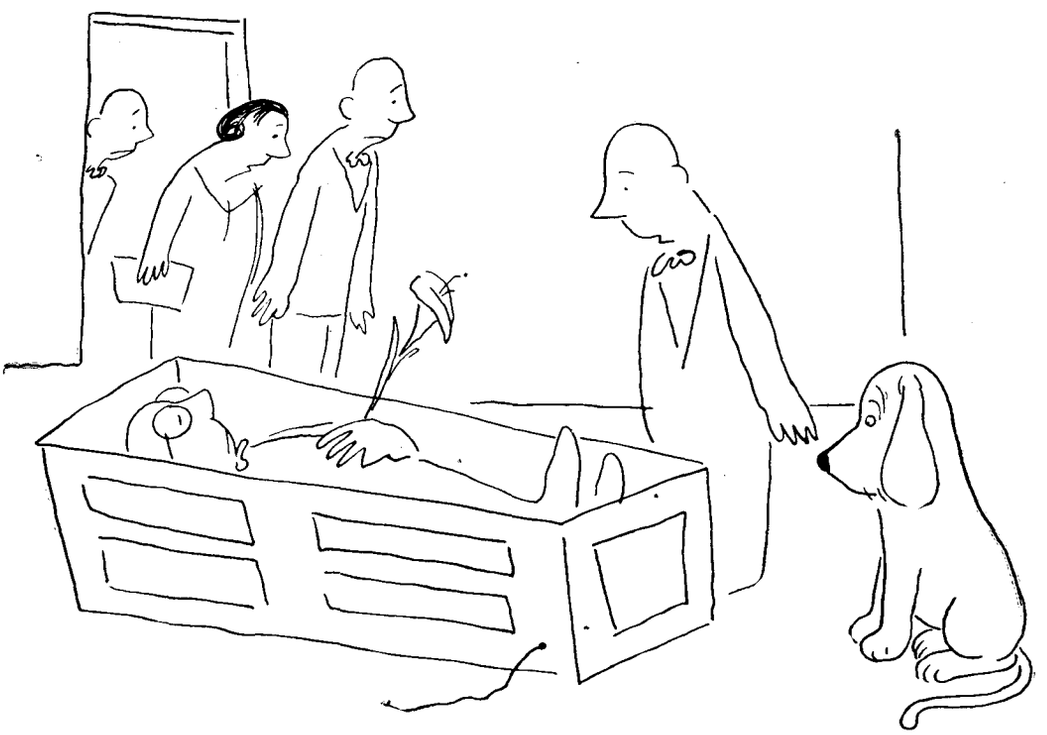
THIS article is the work of a man who spent just under eleven years on the staff of *The New Yorker* magazine, wrote two million words for it, more or less, went through five hundred and seventy-odd weekly deadlines, and resigned at last because he felt rather middle-aged and pooped.

Once a year, on the anniversary of the first issue of *The New Yorker*, there appears on its cover a portrait by Rea Irvin, the magazine's first art editor, of the mythical character known around the office as Eustace Tilley. Tilley, who is represented as scrutinizing a butterfly through a single eyeglass, is a supercilious fellow dressed in the height of Regency foppishness, complete with beaver hat and high stock. He is the embodiment of *The New Yorker* legend, which is surely the most voluminous body of fact, fiction, and conjecture ever attached to any enterprise, let alone the relatively simple one of publishing a twenty-cent weekly magazine.

Next February Tilley will make his twenty-third appearance on *The New Yorker's* cover. His survival is symbolic of the fact that the editorial staff has always worked as hard at being legendary as at the routine chores of writing and editing. The faithful subscriber, who follows the gossip columns and reads the pieces about *The New Yorker* that have appeared occasionally in other periodicals, can recite all the classic *New Yorker* stories in detail: for instance, Thurber tipping over the telephone booth in the reception room, powdering his face, lying down in the booth, and pretending to be a corpse; or the card-index system, keyed to a series of colored tabs, which was prepared for the benefit of a new managing editor who turned out to be color-blind.

Aside from the legend, the actual accomplishments of the actual *New Yorker* magazine are impressive. The current idiom of American humor derives directly from *The New Yorker*. The illustrated he-and-she joke, which was once sold in quantities to the readers of *Judge* and the old pre-Luce *Life*, has been replaced by the one-line cartoon gag, in which picture and text are equally important. Further, these pictures are based on real current events or observation of human character, and not on the hack humorist's dreary world, in which Dusty Rhodes, the tramp, knocks on the door and asks for a piece of pie, in which Little Willie tearfully rebels against his Saturday night bath, or plays hookey from the little red schoolhouse to go fishin' with a bent pin.

To the generally barren field of day-to-day journalism, *The New Yorker* brought a fresh style and enthusiasm. The mannered but severely accurate Talk of the Town reported little happenings unnoticed by the newspapers. Prominent or notorious citizens were the subjects of Profiles—a word that has become part of the language, despite occasional screams from *The New Yorker's* lawyers about copyright. The Reporter at Large series gave scope to writers with a story too big to be handled in Talk. Talk very soon in *The New Yorker's* career was taken over by James Thurber and E. B. White. By ordinary city-editor standards, both were very bad



Thurber tipped over the telephone booth, lay down in it, and pretended to be a corpse.

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reporters, and they had actually proved this by working on newspapers—White in Seattle and Thurber in New York. Their contribution to Talk, however, did much to revive the moribund art form known in city rooms as the feature story. Before long examples of their work were being reprinted in textbooks and were solemnly analyzed by professors of journalism. Reporters on other publications were stirred to emulation. Journalism began to look up.

Meanwhile, E. B. White, in the Notes and Comments department, was setting *The New Yorker's* editorial style—editorial policy would be too strong a term. Comment, through an inspired piece of bad make-up, has always appeared under the Talk of the Town heading, although it is a separate enterprise. Comment occupies the first page, Talk the second, third, fourth, and fifth pages. Except for a five-year hegira, from 1938 to 1942, when he lived on a farm on the Maine coast and contributed a monthly department to *Harper's Magazine*, White has always been the leading Comment writer, accepting odd thoughts or bits of information from staff men or readers, combining them with his own observations, and blending the whole into a mellow and stylistically impeccable page. Before Hitler became an active menace, *The New Yorker's* editorial stand, as defined by White, was simple and, theoretically, not impossible to put into action. *The New Yorker* was on record as being against the use of poisonous spray on fruit, and against the trend in automobile design which narrows the driver's field of vision by lowering the front seat.

WARTIME Comment, which was not entirely by White, was not much above the level of other wartime prose; but he has since become a fervent internationalist and has written lyrically and persuasively of his convictions. The tone of the magazine, taking pictures, reporting, criticism, and fiction into account, has been increasingly liberal, pro-New Deal, and internationalist. At any rate, *The New Yorker* has grown beyond the stature of a funny magazine; there was nothing incongruous in the August 31 issue of this year, which was devoted completely to John Hersey's thirty-thousand word dispatch about the destruction of Hiroshima, later issued in book form.

Inextricably mingled with the story of *The New Yorker* is the story of Harold Ross, founder and editor. Unfortunately it is a story which nobody is able to tell. No man —no man, that is, if we make an exception of the entire field of theology —has been the subject of so much analysis, interpretation, and explanation, with so little concrete result. For more than twenty-one years he has belched and wrangled and improvised and compromised and given his subscribers a magazine every seven days. He still works hard; except for a few sports columns and foreign newsletters which come in over the week end, he works on every bit of copy that goes into the magazine. He stalks through the dirty corridors of his editorial domain, gaunt, gap-toothed, his black hair tousled and his mouth agape like that of a man who has just established contact with a bad oyster, watching the next issue grow and arguing minute points of fact, taste, punctuation, or policy. He is, arbitrarily and inexplicably, an authority on the migratory habits of eels and the customs of the harem, subjects on which he likes to expatiate for hours, usually to some anxious minion who is trying desperately to make a press deadline. It is not unusual for a writer to work in *The New Yorker* office for several years without once meeting his editor. The elevator men have strict instructions not to greet him by name, lest he be accosted by some tactless writer or artist in the same car. He is a man of no perceptible learning, and he does not seem to be inordinately impressed by experience. He has rela-

"White is a triumph of big-city protective coloration. He is unseen at cocktail parties."

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"Ross stalks through the dirty corridors of his editorial domain, gaunt, gap-toothed, his black hair tousled and his mouth agape."

• •

tively few friends and a number of enemies of whom he is, on the whole, rather proud. "A journalist can't afford to have friends," he is fond of saying. In a time when people are vociferous about politics, it is difficult to decide just where he stands; probably he is a lukewarm rightist despite the underlying liberal tone of the magazine itself.

A whole generation of journalists has got into the habit of thinking of Ross as a mystery man, and it suits Ross well enough to have it that way. Actually, there is no more up his sleeve today than there was thirty-odd years ago, when he left Aspen, Colorado, to seek his fortune. It is not a pose when the editor of *The New Yorker* refers to the local smart set as "dudes." They *are* dudes, as far as he's concerned; always will be. Ross's editing might be described as the apotheosis of honest ignorance. All he asks is that a piece of writing be completely comprehensible to him. (He now asks this even of poets. "God damn it!" he suddenly yelled, one day back in 1938, "after this I'm not going to buy any verse I don't *understand*!") Ross will not pretend he understands something he doesn't understand, nor will he hope that others may be quicker than he. He has no intellectual arrogance, and will happily turn over his valuable magazine to the mismanagement of somebody he has brought in off the street to be managing editor. As soon as the incumbent's incompetence becomes clear, Ross fires him—a process that takes anywhere between one and two years, the editor meanwhile continuing at full salary while his responsibilities are gradually whittled down. Ross would rather hire than fire, with the result that his editorial roster today is near a hundred, or twice what it was ten years ago. His effect on *The New Yorker*, so far as taste, policy, and other intangibles are concerned, is mainly negative. He has harnessed some of the nation's most fractious wits. *The New Yorker's* quarrel with Woollcott, for instance, resulted simply from Ross's refusal to let Woollcott devote his polished style to the narration of smoking-car stories, and old ones at that.

Next to Ross, Thurber and White have most deeply impressed their personalities on the magazine. Thurber, because of increasingly severe eye trouble, has not been very active at *The New Yorker* for the past six or seven years, but he has left a permanent impression—a little private Thurber legend, you might say, preserved within *The New Yorker* legend. Before he appeared on the literary scene, magazine writers were not regarded as terribly glamorous figures. They were the sort of men who took pepsin tablets after lunch and wore rubbers on cloudy days. Thurber brought the neuroses to English prose. A tall, thin, spectacled man with the face of a harassed rat, Thurber managed to convey to his office associates something of his own sense of impending doom.

In E. B. White's phrase, Thurber in those days trailed a thin melancholy after him. It was catching, too.

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"Ross is no longer content with a profile; he requests also a family history, bank reference, urinalysis, business connections, etc., etc. . ."

• •

Any humorist—for that matter, any subjective writer—is a potential neurotic. In the Gothic atmosphere which Thurber established at *The New Yorker*, the potential was actualized. One after the other, a string of slapdash newspaper writers hired by Ross in the hope that they could dash off a few profiles or Reporter at Large pieces were turned, before his very eyes, into Byronic figures who could barely summon the energy once a week to grope their way down the block to the Guaranty Trust Company and cash their drawing-account checks. It even became the thing, for a time, to be voluntarily institutionalized, and new managing editors would solemnize their promotion with a nervous breakdown.

One of E. B. White's great contributions to *The New Yorker* was his insistence, against almost overwhelming opposition, that Thurber was a funny artist whose pictures should appear in the magazine. Not even Thurber thought this; but White collected his random doodlings from his waste-basket, inked over the penciled lines, submitted the pictures to the art editor, and finally had his way. Probably more people think of Thurber as an artist than as a writer, though Thurber himself has always said he puts writing first. White, in the same defiant way, is inclined to pooh-pooh his taut and wonderful prose; he likes to think he's a poet, a title for which he is disqualified by his inordinate fondness for the word "doth."

White's Comment paragraphs can hardly be called inimitable, since they have been successfully forged by lesser staff members. Nevertheless he was the inventor, and is still the surest practitioner of this style, which is modest, sly, elliptical, allusive, prim, slightly countrified, wistful, and (God help us) whimsical. And if White's style can be forged, the New York of which he writes remains his own property. It is a microcosm with fewer orange peels and bloodstains than its original; White regards it fondly, like a spinster looking at her tank of guppies. Slight and nervous, modestly dressed and undistinguished in feature, White is a triumph of big-city protective coloration. He is never seen at cocktail parties, though he goes to one now and then.

There is an editor in the White household, too. She was Katherine Angell when, in the Twenties, she went to work editing fiction and poetry. When she and White were married, they established the first *New Yorker* dynasty: young Roger Angell, Mrs. White's son by an earlier marriage, has already sold his first piece to the magazine. Though the week-to-week drudgery of buying and printing poetry and short stories has been delegated to others, Mrs. White descends on the office every now and then for a brisk bout of editorial housecleaning.

Wolcott Gibbs, who will thank you to pronounce his first name "Woollcott," must be mentioned among the founders of *The New Yorker* legend. Alice Duer Miller, his aunt, was a close friend of Ross, and her efforts on his behalf landed Gibbs at *The New Yorker*. His first printed contribution was a sparkling verse parody titled "I Have A Rendezvous with Debt" and, in the fine old phrase, he has never looked back. He soon proved that any ambitious young man could become an acceptable amalgam of Thurber and White. In fact, during White's unadvertised absences from the Comment job, the principal contributor has been Gibbs; and most of his essays—*The New Yorker* staff calls them "casuals"—have been in the Thurber vein of the superior and highstrung man frightened by a piece of machinery or a woman. Under the tutelage of Mrs. White he became an excellent editor, his talent for parody enabling him to handle copy without violating the author's style. Gibbs gave up editing when he became the play reviewer.

ROSS seldom talks about the early days of *The New Yorker*, and positively refuses to look at the early issues, the ones that came out in 1925-6. None of his present staff was with him then. Contributors were recruited from the Algonquin "round table" set, the lunchtime wits—Marc Connelly, Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, George Kaufman, and their lesser friends. They worked for all but nothing, presumably spurred on by the new magazine's slogan. "Not for the old lady from Dubuque." This touch of Greenwich Village defiance

(*Continued on page* 29)

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Personal History.

"American Memoir," by SRL's *founder and present editorial chairman, came up for review. What to do?* SRL, *wisely we hope, tries to avoid sending a book for review to a friend of the author. An even more important rule is to attempt to find experts on the subject of the book. Since much of "American Memoir" is based on Dr. Canby's* SRL *editorship, and since those who have worked with Henry Canby are his closest friends, we clutched at least one of the two horns of the dilemma by asking Bernard DeVoto, one of the two ex-editors of* SRL, *to review the book for us. DeVoto is not only intimate with* SRL *history, but has also taken part in the literary struggles of the last two decades. . . . Louis Sobol's "Some Days Were Happy" forms an interesting contrast with Seweryna Szmaglewska's recollections of a Nazi death camp in "Smoke Over Birkenau." From Sobol's golden childhood in Connecticut to the horrors of Birkenau measures the terrifying breadth of our times.*

SRL Founder

AMERICAN MEMOIR. By Henry Seidel Canby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 433 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

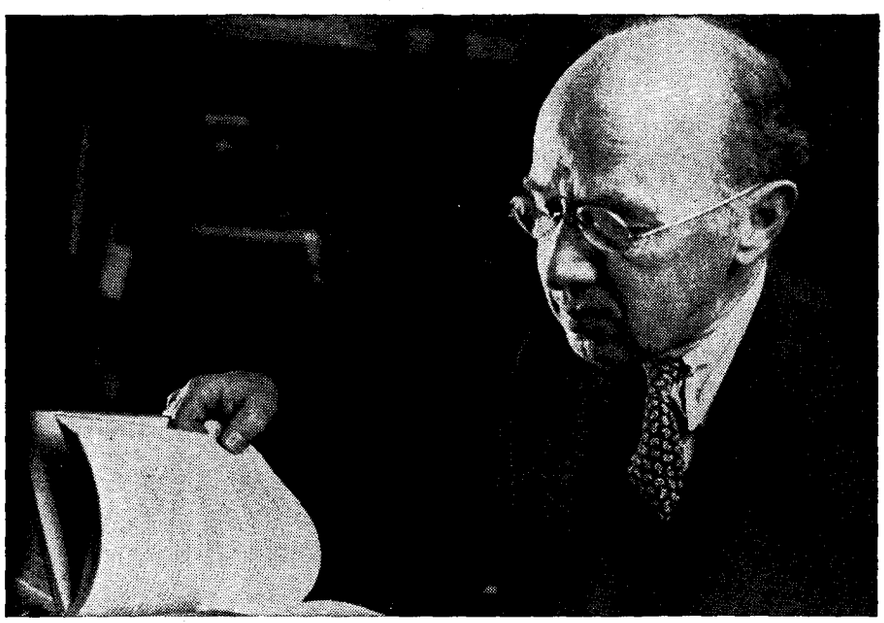
A BOOK by the founder of this magazine that uses his experiences as its editor to give continuity to the other material in it must be reviewed here from the point of view of this office. And that is too bad, for "Brief Golden Age," the third and new part of "American Memoir" and the part that deals with the *SRL,* ought not to be separated from the previously published and now somewhat condensed earlier parts, "The Age of Confidence" which deals with the stable society in which Mr. Canby grew up, and "Alma Mater" which deals with the academic world he escaped from. It is a completion of them and to ignore its organic bonds with them, as for the most part I must, is to do violence to all three.

Something must be said about "Alma Mater." It has not had as much effect as it will eventually have. It is the only intelligent effort ever made to appraise the role of the colleges in shaping the attitudes, thinking, and feeling of the actual governors of the United States from about 1890 on. It comes out with a finding which no one is going to overthrow, that what was effective in the academic education of those governors had very little if anything to do with the courses they sat through or the faculty who gave the courses. And it passes a blistering, quite unanswerable judgment on the status of literature in the colleges during the first two decades of the twentieth century. There was, Mr. Canby makes clear, a pale tinge of the Victorian boulevardier dealing with literature, there was also a timid and frustrated connoisseurship, but the state of mind that dominated was a disdain of literature constantly edging toward contempt.

The exposition of these things makes "Alma Mater" valuable as history and sociology. But it appeared in 1936. The fashionable literary thinking at that time could pay no attention, for the proletariat was going to take over the colleges on May Day 1938, and besides the thinkers were so piously abusing Henry Canby as a counter-revolutionist that it would have been against God to read what he said. As for the departments of English, well, they have not yet tried to find out what literature is, but there has been a change since his time. The driving force behind literary scholarship, once only contempt, is now neurotic hatred of literature and it may end in suicide. By the time the generation of scholars begotten by the current generation, who were begotten by the generation he was describing, have gone to glory we may be able to make a fresh start.

The first war shocked Henry Canby to a realization that the stability of the world he had been born into was gone forever and impelled him to explore the traditions of American literature as an expression of American life. He was in search of fundamentals and continuities, for he knew, as the new fashion that was gathering momentum at just that moment did not, that the core of American life would continue. He gave the colleges one more try but could not break through "the stiff wall which separates the student of literature and the makers thereof." (English departments think of the makers of literature either prostrate or in the perfect tense.) So, a conservative, an idealist, and as he admits still a good deal of a romantic, he left the elms for New York. He was going to establish a new review, and his Yale colleagues wished him well and instructed him to make it like the *Times Literary Supplement.* That was 1920. When I succeeded him in 1936 my Harvard colleagues thought it would be nice to make the *SRL* like the *The Times Literary Supplement.* (But one of them understood I was going to edit *The Saturday Evening Post,* a confusion which by then would have occasioned surprise at Yale.)

By the formulas of the literary world Henry Canby, who as the dial spun has been damned from most points of the compass, was an odd man to make a revolution, but he made one with the *Literary Review,* which presently became *The Saturday Review.* (You will not find that statement in histories of literature but your grandchildren will.) The age was ready for such a review and someone was certain to establish something of the sort pretty soon, but the name on the masthead was Mr. Canby's. So he created the innovation that presently brought first



—*Arni.*

"Henry Seidel Canby was an odd man to make a revolution."

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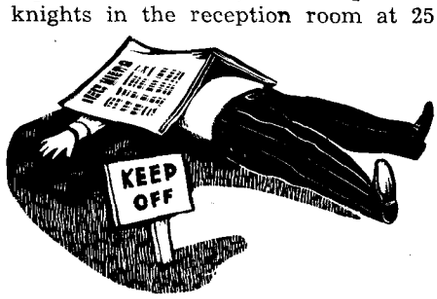
the *Herald Tribune* and then *The Times* into line, in support of the values he announced and stood by. But in 1920 there was no such organ, no such nucleus of opinion, no such point of view. Literary opinion in New York was that of the splendid beards at the Century Association, which had no interest in contemporary American literature because rather common persons were writing it, of the flowing ties at Lüchow's which knew that only the French works which Jimmy Huneker was always writing about were literature, and of the deckle-edged throwaways in the Village which knew that there hadn't been any American writing till now. Mr. Canby edited for the intelligent part of the reading public a journal that was sympathetic to contemporary writing, scrutinized it from a liberal point of view, held it to a high standard of excellence, and remembered American traditions.

That was the *SRL* that Mr. Canby made and he stamped his image on it. He says that, because he believed the editorial function is in great part an educational function, he was content to leave experimental writing to the coterie press. What he ought to have said is that his *Review* was in the exact sense a liberal magazine: it yielded to no pressures, it advertised no fashions, it had no dogmas, and it did no special pleading. So it was never stampeded. Mr. Canby's editorship covered the liveliest and most interesting period in American letters. But that period was fecund in the production of warring dogmas that blew up feuds, absurdities, fakeries, and delusions in amazing quantity. He needed intelligence and the integrity of his Quaker upbringing to hold a steady course. That upbringing had given him a distaste for the end of a limb but also it had given him an obstinate honesty that required him to deal justly with whatever came to his hand. He had an inexhaustible patience in searching out whatever was good in current writing, no matter how incompatible it might be or how much phoniness or ineptness he had to wade through. He was sometimes too damned patient, I think, and I should like the assignment of annotating some of the extended judgments he prints here. But when the returns are in his *Review* will be closer to the verdict of history than anything else in American literary thinking of the period.

It was an exciting time. Mr. Canby says that the early 1920's were not the true parting of the waters but in fact the end of the nineteenth century. He is right and he uses the right phrase as his title, "Brief Golden Age." Clearly his greatest satisfaction in the *Review* came during those years and he writes about them at greatest length. But he carries the narrative on to the break, which he says came when writers matured who had never known the security of the Age of Confidence, and on to the muddying of the waters, the mass vulgarization of literature during the insanity, the break-up in the depression when the realities whose nature he had felt by premonition showed themselves, the rise of the ideologies, the oncoming of anarchy, the set toward war. He ends it when he retired from the editorship, at the moment when a phony and irresponsible fashion was briefly dominating all the reviews but his, the vagary once called the proletarian movement. It was neither proletarian nor a movement; it was one more coterie of sixth-raters appointing one another thinkers and geniuses, but public bewilderment gave it a momentary life. The most charitable thing to say is that some of its members were sensitive literary temperaments finding in the dialectic one more escape from realities that terrified them. But Mr. Canby left as he had entered, to devote himself to the study of American realities and the native traditions.

All this leaves out of account what is actually of greater importance in his book, for the story of his editorship is only part of the story of an intelligence dealing with its time. An intelligence aware of its inheritance of romanticism from an easier age, aware also of the illusions that attend every effort to achieve reality, but determined nevertheless to uncover reality and to stand on it. The narrative includes Mr. Canby's experiences with the anti-fascist fight in the P.E.N. Clubs, at the Book-of-the-Month Club, as a lecturer (where he says some things that have long needed saying), as a wartime cultural ambassador, and as a biographer. They make a unity of the intellectual autobiography of which "Brief Golden Age" is only one volume.

I must end with a complaint. This is a hugely interesting account of a literary editorship and I am one of no more than a dozen who will get the full flavor of a good many things in it—for instance, the eternal cranks, aspirants, madmen, and splendid knights in the reception room at 25 West 45th. But also I know that Mr. Canby is sitting on some stories that he ought to tell—that out of kindness or too nice a sense of proportion he has omitted some things that ought to be in the book. He might, for instance, have told the story of his review of "The Mint," which robbed a nascent British fascism of an icon it was constructing (and incidentally gave me the happiest hour I ever spent with a publisher). But I mean different and less pleasant, if from the high place equally diverting, things.



I know as well as Mr. Canby does that there is no way of killing literary myths. We can deal with them only with the implement used by street-sweepers for a specific purpose in the pre-automobile age, and it is not effective. But, Henry, for the sake of the occasional person who truly prefers the fact to the illusion, we ought to put facts on the record. As a single instance the account of the *SRL* review of "M Day" which, I think, Mr. Ferdinand Lundberg must have found in "The Book of Mormon." He can show you the very stone where the angel left his footprint; that footprint has been duly reproduced in various books already, and it will be reproduced in all books by believing minds that have occasion to refer to it from here on. But it is myth, myth inviolate, and somebody should show how and wherein. Mr. Canby's reticence encompasses a good many similar facts that ought to be on the record, though they will not affect the illusion. Let's have a supplementary chapter.

Dear, Dead Days

SOME DAYS WERE HAPPY. By Louis Sobol. New York: Random House. 1947. 210 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

LOUIS SOBOL, the well-known Broadway columnist, now joins the ranks of those nostalgic recollectors of days dear to their hearts, the scenes of their childhood. In this pleasant, unassuming book he presents a series of reminiscences of his youth in Connecticut around the turn of the century: "I have blended four towns of my younger days into one," he says, "I have not always remembered the names of either people or streets, and to be quite candid, I haven't troubled myself too much about such details. . . . Though this book is autobiographical, it is actually a remembrance of small-town life in the early 1900's." Mr. Sobol's background was one which is often referred to as modest. "The weekly wage of the

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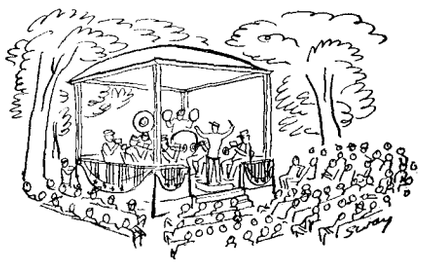
household heads in our neighborhood ranged from $16 to a high of $25. Taxes, of course, were something that affected in a vague way people of immense wealth. I can't recall anyone in our circle ever having to pay taxes." The Sobols were a self-respecting, hardworking, happy family, and life in those relatively inexpensive days (or perhaps it only seems so when viewed through the roseate haze of affectionate memory) seems full of simple pleasures and small satisfying triumphs. Mother had a tea pot in which she accumulated an astonishing wealth of pennies and nickels, and when, three or four times a year, she emptied the treasure trove out on the kitchen table, rousing debates ensued as to what wonderful purchases would be made. Mother, though parsimonious in saving, was apt to blow it all in one spectacular gesture. Once she bought a beautiful plaster statuette of Custer's Last Stand; once a set for burning artistic designs by needle point into stenciled wood and leather; once a mute and inglorious canary. Then there was the time Father got The Raise. They made a down payment on a davenport, and Father began discussing the prospects of selling his old bicycle and buying a new one. The Raise, incidentally, was $2.25 a week.

There were picnics and band concerts, there were occasional excursions to New York on the old *Richard Pack,* a voyage of some ten crowded hours; there was a great day when Teddy Roosevelt rode through the town in an open barouche and little Louis and his father yelled "Hi, Teddy!" and were dazzled by a toothy smile directed straight at them. Mr. Sobol remembers lovingly that old gang of his and the games they played under the streetlights or on the corner lot; Grandpa's grocery store with the pickle barrel and the jars of hard candy, and especially the treasure trove of old newspapers which Grandpa, scorning such newfangled ideas as waxed paper, used to wrap up customers' purchases. Louis would crouch behind the counter and pore over the funnies of the day—Happy Hooligan, Little Nemo, Buster Brown and Tige, the Katzenjammer Kids.

He recalls of course his first long pants, his first venture into high finance with a newspaper route; his junior year at high school when he first determined to be a newspaper man and applied for a job on the *Waterbury Republican.* He became a reporter on space rates—five cents an inch to cover high-school activities and tiny sections known as South End, East End, North End, and Brook-



lyn (not to be confused with the borough across the river from Manhattan where Mr. Sobol is still a newspaper man at considerably higher rates.) And he remembers his days as a full fledged reporter on the *Bridgeport Standard,* a big-town newspaper!

Mr. Sobol's book is considerably marred, in my opinion, by the inclusion of vignettes of more recent events—Manhattan happenings in the O. O. McIntyre tradition, gossipy chitchat about Broadway and nightclub personalities, mawkish and sentimental tearjerkers and atmosphere bits: "New York's poignant dusk was upon us and the huge globe of neon sinking down at street's end blinded us. 'I never knew' murmured Spring, 'the sun could knife a person's eyes so on 52nd Street. . . .'" I advise the reader to skip these italicized inserts and stick to Mr. Sobol's heartwarming memoirs of his youth; also to skip the foreword by Gene Fowler, an extravagant and embarrassingly arch tribute which though well-intentioned is in execrable taste. "Spring came to New York like a hard-to-get woman suddenly yielding," burbles Mr. Fowler "and with it came the galley proofs of Louis Sobol's book. Both events were heartening and complete and shining with gay surprise." That this suggests candidacy for *The New Yorker*'s Department of Anticlimax is unfair to Mr. Sobol's unpretentious and appealing little book.

Memoir of Hell

SMOKE OVER BIRKENAU. By Seweryna Szmaglewska. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 386 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

EACH time I finish a book by a victim of a concentration camp or a survivor of one of Germany's death factories, I feel that another, later account could not possibly surpass the horror of what I have just read. And each time it does. Though each one of these books corroborates the facts presented in all the others—which is one of their merits, for without such multiple testimony most of these facts would be disbelieved in a surprisingly near future—each one has its distinctive features. The present memoir of hell, written by a young Polish woman, leaves the reader with an image of wanton destruction wrought on human dignity which may imbue him with a nostalgic respect for his primeval ancestor who was accustomed to brain his fellowman with a stone axe.

Probably the most horrible, though not the most grisly, chapter in Mlle. Szmaglewska's book deals with the new arrivals—the truckloads of Jewish and gentile women from the four corners of the subjugated Continent—and their transformation into stark naked "stooped human apes with heads unevenly shaved and faces branded with animal fear." Mlle. Szmaglewska is a very competent writer, and the translation of her book of gruesome reminiscences is excellent, yet no written word is able fully to convey the experience of civilized human beings pushed below the level of cattle by creatures that bear human faces and are endowed with human speech themselves.

Mlle. Szmaglewska spent three years in Oswiecim-Birkenau — three solid years under the constant threat of being selected for the gas chamber, three solid years with the stench of human flesh charred in the giant ovens in her nostrils, the smoke and the soot of the chimneys in her eyes! She watched the travesty of German *Tüchtigkeit* on that playground of German bestiality, the corruption and greed of its masters, and their own fear which they tried to drown in drunkenness, perversion, and ever more blood. The report in this book on the unspeakable Herr Kramer is the best psychological study of that human abomination I have seen in print.

The Germans often succeeded in corrupting their victims, too—but not always. Mlle. Szmaglewska recounts many an instance of boundless courage and touching helpfulness among the imprisoned women. There was an orchestra in the camp. Its leader was Alma Rosé, the daughter of one of Vienna's most famous violinists, a lovely young woman and a brilliant musician in her own right. I knew her. To imagine Alma Rosé in rags, her head shaven, playing to the beaten herd of her companions in misery while ostensibly playing for their torturers—to meet her again in these pages was an altogether ghostly experience. It gave me an inkling of the unconveyable.

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The World. *It is no accident that publishers' lists are bulging with books on the Russian problem like Norborg's "Operation Moscow," reviewed below. Whether these books are for or against is perhaps less important than the contribution they make to the existing body of accurate information—and we realize that the word "accurate" will be immediately challenged by the semanticists. We know so little of Russia, indeed, so little of the world—now thrust into our laps by the accident of war—that the crying need is for information. The Council on Foreign Relations has performed a real service in bringing out "The United States in World Affairs," a book which might well be required background reading for more controversial books such as "Operation Moscow." "Exact knowledge of what has happened and what is happening," writes Lindsay Rogers in reviewing this book below, "must precede the suggestion of any solutions that have a chance of working." We heartily agree.*

World Headache

OPERATION MOSCOW. By Christopher Norborg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 319 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

DURING the wartime honeymoon, books on Russia multiplied even when they were not fruitful, yet comrades and camp followers did not complain, for most of the product, like the official propaganda, was patriotically uncritical of a gallant ally.

Two years of "peaceful" living with the Soviets, however, have burned up the blinkers and the authors, and changed the attitudes of the governments, as well. Communists and fellow-travelers thereupon suddenly discovered that the market was glutted. "Too many books on Russia," they cry. They mean, too many books on Russia are anti-Stalin.

The books, whether sober or passionate, usually agree on the facts. Soviet Russia is aggressive, imperialistic, uncooperative, obstructionist; the documentation is in everyday's newspaper. Where the books vary is in explaining the world headache which is Russia, and in prescribing the cure.

Russia is America's and the world's biggest problem. Why? Dr. Christopher Norborg, Norwegian-born American, ex-clergyman, associate professor of philosophy at the University of Minnesota, chief of an OSS section during the war, and later head of the North European division of UNRRA, attacks the Russian question with the weapon of psychoanalysis. He finds that the "supercapitalist Stalinist class system" is led by men with a "prima donna mentality" and "fanatic self-admiration." Soviet distrust of the West has a "psychotic character." The Soviet peoples, he states, are normal, healthy, and friendly, but "the other Russia," the "imperial Stalinist oligarchy of the Politburo," is isolating its subjects from the West by the iron curtain of Pan-Slav nationalism, the secret police, and a Russia-did-everything-first-and-best psychology.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

Pied Piper.

The Politburo, Dr. Norborg maintains, is self-righteous and protests its perfectionism at international conferences because of a deep sense of guilt over what it has been doing at home. The Soviet aristocracy exploits the people; millions of serf laborers toil for less than is necessary to sustain life. The Soviet sinner then charges the outside world with endless sins.

Stalin and his lieutenants got that way, according to Christopher Norborg, as a result of Czarist persecution. Not only were they frequently arrested and exiled to Siberia, but the monarchy filled their ranks with spies, so that few were trusted. These and other circumstances "incapacitated the Soviet leaders for the normal give-and-take of human friendship." They "unlearned every natural trait of human confidence." Hence the all-powerful, ubiquitous secret police to operate at home; hence strong-arm and iron-heel diplomacy abroad.

Dr. Norborg proceeds, from this point, to a summary of the steps which Moscow has taken in recent years in accordance with "a global blueprint for Marxist world conquest." The story is impressive even if some opinions might be rejected. To achieve its ends Moscow, the author says, employs "duality and duplicity, deception and pressure, sweetness and bitterness, protests of friendship and attacks of indignation . . ." Stalin tactics are "nihilistic," "amoral," and "unconventional." Most foreigners are too decent to believe that any government could be so depraved.

What to do?

Dr. Norborg offers Operation Moscow to cope with Soviet imperialism and Communism. It consists, chiefly, in organizing international police outside the United Nations; outside the UN because the Russians have not permitted a UN police force. Quoting from the San Francisco Charter, the author contends that regional defense and security measures are specifically permitted. If the Russians ever accept international control of atomic energy, or grant civil rights to their own people and their East-European colonials, such measures would become superfluous. But it is late and time is running out, Dr. Norborg affirms, and, since Russia has to be checked, the free nations (he excludes Franco Spain and Salazar Portugal) should proceed at once with their own defensive organization.

For the rest, we must turn to God and church worship. "This is the night of modern nihilism" and man needs the light of religion to guide him through the gloom. Church attendance in Europe is down to ten per cent of the population, and in America, too, religious services are not as popular as they should be. However, "The fact that the Christian church has all but lost its power may give it a divine opportunity, once again, to regain the savor of that salt, which is essential to mankind."

Dr. Norborg has a keen eye and he knows what is wrong with the planet. But I am afraid he does not place enough emphasis on the evils in the non-Soviet world. Stalin, like Hitler, has fed on our own weak-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 700)

EDGAR ALLAN POE:
*PREFACE TO POEMS**

You are aware of the great barrier in the path of an American writer. . . . Our fops glance from binding to title-page, where the mystic characters which spell London, Paris, or Genoa, are precisely so many letters of recommendation.

* 1831; Poe revised this thought later, so this expression may not be exact today.

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nesses—and they are not merely military. They are economic, social, and political, as well as moral. The only way to prevent a war with Russia is to remove those weaknesses. Stalin would be powerless against a healthy, clean, internationally-unified, really-democratic democratic world.

Policy and Strategem

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS. By John C. Campbell. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 585 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS

THE ENGLISH historian F. W. Maitland once said that some pedestrian labors might be justified on the ground that they would at least save the eyes and the time of the great man if and when he came along. Annual surveys are likely to give point to this description, but Mr. Campbell and his associates have accomplished the difficult task of writing a readable and interesting account of American foreign policy from the end of the war in Europe to the spring of 1947. With their volume the Council on Foreign Relations resumes the series which it began in 1931 and continued through 1940. It will deal with the war period separately and later.

> History teaches no clearer lesson than that of the facile dissolution of alliances which are not sustained by a powerful, evident solidarity of interests. . . . The cement of a bloody war conducted in alliance is notoriously weak for binding nations.

In his introduction, Mr. John Foster Dulles does not quote what the English economist J. A. Hobson said a good many years ago, but he suggests that those who are surprised by the tensions and hostility between former allies have forgotten their history, even such recent history as the aftermath of the war of 1914-1918. Now ideological differences deepen the rift, but Mr. Dulles sees no reason for despair. He thinks it possible to find "internationally a way of life whereby differences of belief and practice may exist without those differences leading to violence." He is not very specific on how this can be done but exact knowledge of what has happened and what is happening must precede the suggestion of any solutions that have a chance of working. "Theory divorced from fact," he remarks, "is dangerous, and there persists an excessive hangover of war illusion."

Mr. Campbell's volume sets out the recent facts which must be studied if a workable way of life is to be found. He has succeeded in not being overwhelmed by a detail that is enormous. After two general chapters which outline the world position of the United States, its wartime decisions and commitments, the problem of strategic bases, and the creation of the United Nations organization, he turns to a meticulous account of the problems faced in the search for the peace treaties in Europe and the behavior and stratagems of those who have done the searching. There is an able summary of the different proposals for dealing with Germany, the conflicting policies that came out of Washington, the clashing of views of the Four Powers, and the tangled disputes over reparations.

These problems so preoccupied policymakers in Washington that they allowed our relations with Latin America to deteriorate. Mr. Campbell discusses these (and the political ferments in different countries) under a heading which discloses a point of view: "Threats to the Good Neighbor Policy." An appraisal of American responsibilities in the Far East, with a comprehensive discussion of the situation in Korea and the civil war in China, concludes the parts of the survey which deal, geographically, so to speak, with American foreign policy.

On our participation in the several international agencies that have been set up—perhaps the proliferation has been too great—there is a full record: UNNRA; the reasons for our abandonment of international relief; the Food and Agriculture Organization; proposals for the reconstruction of foreign trade; the bank and the fund; the projected trade organization, and UNESCO. The survey ends with a summary of the "accomplishments" of the United Nations and an analysis of the issues on which Russia and her satellites have clashed with the states of the Western world—the control of the atomic bomb, disarmament, the treatment of displaced persons, the work of the Economic and Social Council, and so on.

Surveys sponsored by institutions cannot praise or blame as an independently written book may. Mr. Campbell, nevertheless, has kept his account from being colorless, and on the more important matters does not conceal his opinions from the reader. He accomplished this quite legitimately by adroit adaptations of well-tried devices: "It was soon clear that this thesis could not be maintained"; "in many quarters criticism was prompt and severe." He has a few excellent pages on the organization of the State Department for the "making of foreign policy" which it is to be hoped Secretary Marshall's reforms have made less inadequate.

But the task confronting the policy proposers is tremendous. One indication of its size is Mr. Campbell's "selected" bibliography which runs to forty closely printed pages. The chronology of events takes fifty pages, and an index of ten pages makes easily discoverable the detail with which the book is packed.

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Fiction.

A new life engulfed Harrison Smith when SRL *published his editorial "Woman, the Scapegoat" (Jan. 18), contradicting popular calumny of the female gender as a damned sex. Slick magazines, feminine and neutral, clamored for more expressions from a man so unwylie as to insist that women are, in fact, insufficiently appreciated. Bright girl reporters interviewed him. Radio stations had him debate Dr. Marynia F. Farnham (co-author of "Modern Woman: the Lost Sex") so often she began to get neurotic. Publishers plead for books. The ladies at* SRL *asked for raises. Elected* REVIEW *distaff counselor, Mr. Smith demurred shyly, "It would take me exactly five minutes to tell you all I know about women. But I know what I like." By coincidence, this season's fiction has been singularly devoid of traditional summer fluff. Wars and their aftermath, murder, Seventh Avenue, Palestine, challenge month-end readers. To Mr. Smith went the hardest assignment—criticism of a wicked woman.*

Lilith, Not Eve

NOT NOW BUT NOW. By M. F. K. Fisher. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 256 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

TO ATTEMPT to delineate Eve, the eternal female, or the enduring characteristics of womankind through the ages, is almost as old as literature. It is that habit of human thinking that Dorothy Sayers complains about in January *Vogue:* man is allowed to be both *vir* and *homo,* but woman, no matter what role she plays, must be only, and merely, *femina.* She implies that though there are more women than men in the world woman exists in a separate category, apart from the race that we instinctively label "mankind," as if she were some rare and exotic flower and not the eternal and fertile generatrix of the human race. When a novelist reveals that she can trace the subtleties and nuances of a woman's mind and then gives her heroine the same character and name through four separate periods of time, you may be sure that she is aiming at Eve herself, or at one aspect of Eve's broad nature which she considers to be eternal.

"Not Now But *Now*" is about Jennie, a woman beyond the curve of youth, small-boned but exquisitely shaped, sensuous and luxurious, whose commanding need is to be a center of disturbance for man and woman, the universal irritant, producing cataclysms in other people's lives, laughing within as she plays her little tricks, and always escaping from the stupidity and ugliness in which she has become involved.

"I am free of you," she says gaily, to herself; "Jennie is free," after she had fatally embroiled with each other a Swiss father and his son and had sent his daughter into an epileptic fit. "Jennie is free," she says later in old San Francisco sixty years ago, when she had escaped from the lusts of five men to whom she had calculatingly yielded herself. In this particular section Jennie is the closest to earth, for she becomes more than the delicate seductress, as poisonous as the hidden adder; she is now an exquisite prostitute who therefore must surrender some quality of respect and a trace of honest passion.

This is Mrs. M. F. K. Fisher's first novel. In her previous books she has with subtlety and voluptuousness approached the soul of man through his stomach. She has written several books of cookery in which honest food is transmuted into nectar and ambrosia for the gods or the table of Lucullus. Throughout this story of a demonic woman, dinners are served that are out of the normal man or woman's world. Here is one of Jennie's banquets prepared by her Chinese cook for her lovers:

> There were long white fillets of local sole. There were grilled truffles from Sir Harry's farm in southern France, sent in olivewood sawdust. There was a haunch of antelope, aromatic as rotting wildflower stalks. Always there was wine in the tall ringing glasses between the candles, . . . and when at last Jennie leaned with schooled caution over a flaming silver bowl of hothouse strawberries and felt her yellow diamonds swing warmly from her throat . . . she knew she was a little drunk.

—*Arni.*

The progress of a female rake is made "amusing and witty" by M. F. K. Fisher.

But Mrs. Fisher has extended her repertoire of the sensuous pleasures that can delight a woman to the furniture in the midst of which she moves, the fragile satin chair, the silken-soft bed, and the garments that caress her body; shawls from Persia, Chinese silk with a jeweled fringe, slippers like rose petals, or a costume called a *canezou* English ladies imported from France and that Jennie stole a hundred years ago, of pale green organdy with long full sleeves embroidered in silver roses and three sloping, cape-like ruffles that fell over her shoulders as kissingly as if they had been sewed only for her. Jennie took care of her charming body as if, to quote the author, "she were a trainer with a fine show bitch." There was a special quality in shedding her garments:

> It was a sensation she loved, the slipping of the smooth fabric over her skin, the slow hissing of it as it went down, to lie there covering her feet, her legs rising like saplings from it, and then her small hips and the gentle roundness of her belly and her fine pointed breasts. . . .

This is perhaps enough of one of the special qualities this novel offers: its sensuousness. There is stronger material in it than fabrics, elegant food, and rare wines, delights that go no deeper than the skin, or the surface tremors of repugnance at the "puffs" of offensive odors that rise from the garments of human beings who are not made of dresden china. Jennie is, in fact, the spirit of evil incarnate, the more dangerous since she must forever shrink from the crude emotions, the anger, and the passions she herself arouses. She is also corrupt to the core, the antiseptic carrier of diseases to which she herself is never subject.

It would seem that Jennie was Lilith, rather than Eve, that mysterious female demon derived from Assyria, Adam's first wife in Jewish folklore, forever childless like Mrs. Fisher's Jennie. When she flew away from Adam he decided apparently to sacrifice one of his ribs for a less destructive mate who could mother the human race. It may be hoped that Jennie, being evil, cannot be a fixture in the mind and soul of womankind. It is to Mrs. Fisher's

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credit as a beginning novelist that she is able to make Jennie's wicked progress through a century amusing and witty and to give it qualities of savor and enchantment of which the publisher speaks. But though it is on the same page compared to Virginia Woolf's "Orlando," "Not Now But *Now*" does not offer the esthetic and intellectual satisfaction as that minor work of art. Orlando, it will be recalled, in his progress through more than one century of English life, changed in midstream to a woman, so that the book thus recognizes the dual qualities in man's and woman's natures. A woman who was all female from her toes to the crown of her head would be in all truth a monster and a witch who should be burnt at the nearest stake. Like Jennie, such a woman would be impossible as Eve, possible as Lilith whom the ancients may have created to explain that while Eve, the mother, was sanctified in legend, woman possesses some qualities that are neither maternal nor good.

One for the Money

THE END OF MY LIFE. By Vance Bourjaily. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 278 *pp.* $2.75.

THE DEAD TREE GIVES NO SHELTER. By Virgil Scott. New York: The Swallow Press and William Morrow & Co. 1947. 248 *pp.* $2.75.

SEVENTH AVENUE STORY. By Martin Abzug. New York: The Dial Press. 1947. 315 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

ABOUT three years ago when Harry Brown's "A Walk in the Sun" was practically the only decent novel written by anyone in uniform, everybody went around making the rather mundane prediction that we'd have to wait five, maybe ten years after the war was ended before the young men of real talent began producing; it would take a while, everyone said, before young writers would be able to assess their wartime experiences and begin to produce fiction that could be read without shuddering.

Well, everyone was wrong; with the war only a little more than two years in the past, the work of the good, the honest, the serious young writers has already begun to appear. Alfred Hayes, whose "All Thy Conquests" was one of the first really fine novels about the war, has already completed a second book, to be published this fall; John Horne Burns's not-quite-a-novel but still magnificent volume of narrative writing, "The Gallery," is on the best-seller lists; Allen R. Matthews's first-person account of twelve days on Iwo Jima isn't breaking any sales records, but his book has been recognized by those few who've read it as a first-rate job—by an honest craftsman. David Davidson's "The Steeper Cliff," the story of one man's questions about courage, which some of us found less satisfactory than others, is, nevertheless, recognized as the work of a writer of promise and has found a wide and now growing audience.

And there are others. A. B. Guthrie is not as young a man as most, and he wasn't in the war, and his first novel is historical—in the honest, not Cecil B. DeMille sense—but "The Big Sky" reveals a fine, new talent; so does Willard Motley's "Knock on Any Door."

All this, of course, leads up to the fact that here are three more new novels, two of them first attempts, one a second, all three by young men. Of the three, Vance Bourjaily's "The End of My Life" seems to me the best, seems to have the most to say, seems to say it best. Both his publishers and Mr Bourjaily himself have quite honestly mentioned his debt to that older, better known author Mr. Hemingway, and those of us who admire "A Farewell to Arms" will find in "The End of My Life" a startling, at times uncomfortable resemblance to that earlier, more skilful novel of the first global war. Primarily, Bourjaily writes about four Americans who drove ambulances for the British in Africa and in Italy; Skinner Galt is twenty-two and bitter without illusions and left college to join the corps; Rod Manjac is a musician and a fine one, but he is also confused, and he is troubled by a sexual maladjustment that leads, eventually, to his self-banishment; Benny Berg is an idealist, an intellectual, an unquestioning admirer of the Soviet Union, and Robert (Freak) Lacey, the least successfully portrayed of the four, is a naïve, rather simple-minded young man who played good college football. There are tenderness and violence in Mr. Bourjaily's story, the genuine, not the movie-advertisement kind, and there is much more than that. There is a lot about a generation that is without much hope, that has never known stability, that found, even in the war we recently finished, not much to inspire a thinking man. Once Skinner sums it up pretty well. "I want a nice, small war, Jeff," he says, "with clear-cut issues. There should be a lot more than just a villain you hate. There should be a side you can love, too." I hope a lot of people will read

—Philip Conway Beam.
Vance Bourjaily "can join select company."

Virgil Scott "had better keep at it."

Martin Abzug "had better start over again."

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"The End of My Life"; I'm sure almost everybody will enjoy it, despite its faults, which are numerous and obvious, and I'm equally certain that Bourjaily is going to write other and better novels. He has done an almost first-rate job with this one.

If Bourjaily owes a debt to Hemingway, Virgil Scott owes one equally great, and perhaps larger, to James M. Cain, and I'm afraid we'll have to admit that Mr. Cain, despite all his tense competence as a story-teller, isn't quite a literary giant. It's natural and right for young novelists to learn from older, successful writers, but, if they're going to imitate, they should choose the best. Compared with Willard Motley's Dreiserian study of Nick Romano in "Knock on Any Door," Mr. Scott's portrait of Mike Brandon, a tough, amoral young murderer, comes out a work of mere surface smoothness. Mike, who in high school was already head of a profitable numbers racket, ties up with a ruthless bootlegger, Max Pappas, and, eventually, as must happen, as happened in Mr. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice," falls in love with Pappas's mistress, murders his employer, tries to pin the murder on the mistress, and, of course, this being a sometimes moral society, is found out.

Mr. Scott is a competent story teller, but the story is an old one, and there's not much to explain Mike Brandon; there's mostly a lot of tough talk and Humphrey Bogart-type action. I hope Mr. Scott will write another book, but I hope he'll work a little harder on it.

I missed Martin Abzug's first novel, "Spearhead," and if I'd missed his second as well, I wouldn't feel any great amount of pain. I'm afraid this is just a plain bad book, this story of the cloak-and-suit industry which Jerome Weidman told so well, not once but twice. "Seventh Avenue Story" deals with a young man, Larry Furst, who was rejected by the Army and who tries to do battle with the giant clothing manufacturers — and fails. Mr. Abzug has unquestionably done a lot of research; he seems to know the industry, but his style is so turgid, so dull, so filled with clichés that it fails completely. Within three pages I noticed the following straight-faced descriptions: Larry was "busy as a bee"; a few sentences later he "joined in the merriment"; something, I forget what, was "short-lived, however"; something else, "twice as big as life," and some item or other was "bright and sharp as a pair of new knives." Come now, Mr. Abzug. The jacket of "Seventh Avenue Story" says that the author "had the courage to destroy many earlier manuscripts which did not measure up to his own standards of literary craftsmanship"; I'm afraid Mr. Abzug was just not courageous enough.

However, one novel of genuine merit out of three, all by young men, isn't a bad average. Mr. Bourjaily can join a select company of promising young writers, among them Mr. Hayes, Mr. Motley, Mr. Burns, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Guthrie; Mr. Scott had better keep at it, and Mr. Abzug had better start all over again.

Goodbye To All

THE TOM-WALKER. By Mari Sandoz. New York: The Dial Press. 1947. 372 pp. $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THIS is indeed a troubled novel, a statement of pessimism so unrelieved as to be startling even in these troubled times. Of dire warnings and threats of doom we have had many, but they have generally been strung upon a thread of hope. There was a way out, if we would only think thus, or do this. Not so Miss Sandoz. She says goodbye to the old democratic America. She sweeps across more than eighty years of our history, from the close of the Civil War to somewhere beyond 1948, and traces a swiftly descending line that dips after each war and sinks at last—right now, next year — below the surface of armed dictatorship. It is a firm and bitter diagnosis; no antidote.

As you read, it will seem a statement not easily refuted. Miss Sandoz has at her disposal several first-class literary talents: a vigorous attack, a penetrating realism, swift and easy characterization, a flow of good dialogue salted with regional inflection. No less than these is her incontrovertible sincerity, her motivating, rueful patriotism which pulses at the core of the narrative and gives it elegiacal eloquence. She speaks through father, son, and grandson, each of them poised at a similar moment in American history, the end of an exhausting war. Milton Stone, the first of these, comes through the Civil War with one leg shot off. He is the Tom-Walker — a name given him for the iron stump upon which he walks, kicks, whirls, with legendary virtuosity. He becomes one of those embittered ex-soldiers who scrabble for a living in a visibly narrowing economy, who watch the Goulds and the Fiskes milk the country, see the Grant administration in incredible corruption, the bold steal of the Hayes-Tilden election, the vanishing of hope for the little man. And he finds what compensation he can in the defiant gestures of an incorrigible individualist. Fighting his stubborn, losing, rear-guard action, the Tom-Walker becomes the sort of legend that made Mike Fink.

Martin Stone comes out of World War I with gassed lungs, upon a scene not quite as violent but one perhaps more ominous, since it bears so plainly the seeds of the near future. He sees Wilson vilified and destroyed with his dream of one world. He sees the poorly masked depravity of the Harding administration — so like Grant's—and experiences at first hand the beginnings of American fascism: the Klan, the Bund, the hounding of groups, the super-nationalism. Twenty years later it is Milton Stone again, the second Milton, who comes out of World War II with a bullet in his body, to reap the final harvest. Now the current moves with irresistible force. After Roosevelt, the reins fall from the tired hands of Truman (as they fell from Johnson's, two generations before). There is marching in the streets, the open flaunting of a new power called American Action. A general named Daunce is president, but he is only a stop-gap, a token Hindenburg. In a melodramatic climax the threat of A-bombs, now in the hands of the power group, is opposed over the land, and Daunce resigns at the demand of Boyd Potter, a dictator out of the Senate. So the book ends, upon the nightmare of force unleashed.

It is a haunting nightmare. It is reminiscent, it is not impossible, it is not inevitable. That is the thought that clings still to mind as we put the book down. It is a compelling book and it will shake any reader, cause him to reexamine his own concepts. He may then find one or another objection to offer. My own objection is to accepting the struggle upon exactly the terms in which Miss Sandoz has offered it. There is a mismating of antagonists. The man of

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democracy is modeled always upon the prototype Miss Sandoz knows and loves best, the Western frontiersman, the lonely plainbreaker, fiercely individual, untrammeled, unorganized. Pitted against the high-powered techniques of reaction, he has about as much chance as a man with an honest six-shooter would have against a B-29. It may be that Miss Sandoz is right; that the Jeffersonian, Emersonian, free-thinking and solitary-thinking democrat is doomed in a world of corrupt organization. And maybe, too, organization will work on both sides. Maybe the democrats don't have to go down like clay pigeons. Maybe they can exchange sovereignty for a common defense everywhere. Milton Stone, the Tom-Walker, didn't know about one world—but his grandson might. The concept is there, to be implemented. Miss Sandoz says it's too late. It may be, but it does not have to be.

Even As the Foxes

MY FATHER'S HOUSE. By Meyer Levin. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

LET ME begin by saying that any following, derogatory references to the British Government with respect to its attitude toward European Jews entering freely into Palestine is purely intentional. And let me also say, before someone else says it for me, that I have only the most rudimentary information as to the complicated political, diplomatic, and/or cynical reasons which motivate that attitude. This I consider to be an advantage, inasmuch as I am not thereby confused by knowledge, as are some amateur Palestinian experts of my acquaintance, who are so inexhaustibly informed as to the facts behind the facts that they are quite unable to determine what they think.

And to show that my mind, if not open, is at least ajar, I will add that in the case of my own homeland, I think it would be an excellent idea to turn over such places as Fort Lauderdale, Florida, which, I am informed, is now reserved exclusively for the self-Chosen Race, to any and all European Jews who might wish to find sanctuary there. This might be a difficult project, I admit, since the town is completely over-run by these Gentiles, many of them from the stock-and-bond district in lower New York, who have managed to buy up most of the property there, and are now firmly intrenched. At first there were only a few of them, but you know how these people are—one gets in, and then he sends for all his relatives, until now it has gotten so that in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, the Gentiles practically push you off the streets. Please understand, I am not speaking this way of *all* Gentiles; some of them I count among my closest acquaintances, the ones who are not orthodox; they come to my house, and I assure you they look down, just as we do, upon the ones I am talking about.

To get back to Britain and Palestine and, I promise you, eventually

From "Contemporary American Painting."

Of "Night Piece," one of his series of refugee paintings, Mitchell Siporin says: "[It is] a subject I was deeply moved by at the outset of the war and with which I was to gain an intimate personal knowledge as a soldier."

to the book under review, I do not like to see a nation which has spent donkey's years barging into other countries (India, Africa, the West Indies, Greece—that's enough for a start)—where they weren't especially wanted—for the purposes of augmenting and strengthening the Empire, taking the position that they must at all costs and by force of arms, prevent a tragic, homeless, and decimated people from seeking a place to lay their heads, even as the foxes of the hills. And I do not overlook the fact that a considerable segment of the English gentry devotes a great deal of its time to turning out foxes which are resting their heads, in order to run them to death before hounds.

I have also been told that England is simply, reluctantly, carrying out the Versailles mandate which appointed her a referee in Near East disputes. What I want to know, Mr. Anthony Eden, is: At what point does a referee become a participant? I am frankly fascinated by a rationale according to which certain people must be killed so that others won't kill them first.

Meyer Levin, who was assigned as a war correspondent for Overseas News Agency to discover what had become of the Jews of Europe, has written "My Father's House," a quiet, poignant, and important novel about modern Palestine. He has lived and worked there and has covered for his news agency the arrival of an illegal *(sic)* ship in Haifa. He is, I suppose, prejudiced—after all, his name begins with "L" and not "B"—but he writes with a restraint of which I would not be capable, and a tenderness and sympathy which would clearly be unbecoming in a referee. He once saw a little boy waving from the prow of the ships carrying human contraband, and he has made him into David Halevi, the little boy of this book. One day in Cracow, when the little children of his age in Fort Lauderdale were learning democracy in nursery school, the Nazis came with machine guns and herded the people into the square. David's father, now only a thin memory, had told him to run to the forest, that some day they would meet in Palestine. He had lived among the trees with the other lost, wild children, stealing potatoes at night and hiding by day, until the Nazis caught him and took him to Auschwitz. About the time his contemporaries in Fort Lauderdale were wrestling with the multiplication table, they put him in the truck which made daily deliveries to the gas chambers. Because he had his own special reasons for survival, David leaped from the truck:

> "I have to live, I have to live. I will do anything."
>
> And the corporal had laughed and said, "What can you do?" And in that moment he had said crazily: "Clean your boots every day." . . .
>
> "With what will you clean my boots, little Yid?"
>
> "With my hands, I will polish them!"
>
> "With your tongue, you'll polish them!" Yes, on the ground, with his tongue.

When the Americans came, David was certain he would find his father. On the long, weary trek to the coast he still believed it, and in the swarming furtive ship which took them to Haifa he knew he would find his father in Palestine. The story of "My Father's House" is the story of that search, of a small boy wandering over the Holy Land, remembering only a name and the sound of a voice. Meyer Levin gives the feeling of the hot, timeless landscape, the tension and euphoria of the re-

(*Continued on page* 27)

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Bystanders Become Active

THIS is a report on the aftermath of the article "Bystanders Are Not Innocent" (*SRL*, August 2). As was disclosed last week in a communication to our letters page from Bruce Hughes, editor of *The Daily Iowan,* the beating referred to in the article took place in the coffee shop of the Hotel Jefferson in Iowa City. The assailants were identified as University of Iowa students. The name of the victim of the attack was Elihu Stamm Cooper, graduate student who was doing special research at the university and who was also engaged as a teacher for the local Hebrew school.

Investigations have been undertaken not only by university officials but by city and state prosecutors. But the case took an unexpected turn when it became known that Mr. Cooper himself refused to prosecute. Mr. Hughes's letter quoted a statement by Mr. Cooper that despite the insistent urgings of authorities and friends, he could not prosecute without violating his deepest convictions. He argued that reprisals or punishments might in themselves represent an injustice. Were the boys primarily to blame? Mr. Cooper did not think so. Their action was a violent expression, he said, of an underlying and fairly general attitude that was sponsored or reflected in the institutions of society itself. The fact that anti-Semitism generally takes polite rather than virulent forms when generated in the homes or churches or schools or businesses of the country may make it less dramatic than outright brutality, but the difference is one of degree rather than kind, he said. And the transition from passive to active hate is shorter and easier than most people might care to admit, he added. Mr. Cooper believes that if the community-at-large wants the processes of justice to prevail, it should re-examine the climate in which prejudices take hold and are allowed to exist so long as they are kept within certain bounds. For society cannot avoid responsibility for the "illegal" actions of those who are so indiscreet as to exceed those bounds.

As might be expected, Mr. Cooper's refusal to prosecute and the reasoning behind his decision have precipitated exciting controversy throughout Iowa—especially in press, legal, educational and religious circles. *The Daily Iowan,* university and community newspaper of Iowa City, pointed to the paradox that the victim in this case should turn out to be one of the principal bystanders—however valid his general indictment of society; however noble his ethical convictions. Even so, university and local officials may have been too willing to take the easy way out, the editorial says. They were in a position the day after the incident occurred to take vigorous action—with or without the cooperation of Mr. Cooper. The victim had a right to his convictions, but for the community to yield to them was to contradict the very basis of legal justice.

"A long talk with Mr. Cooper convinces us that he is to be greatly admired. . . . Of course he is right when he says that this incident is only part of a much greater problem. . . . But is not Mr. Cooper asking society itself to be a bystander? What happened was not an attack upon an individual. What happened was an attack upon society itself. . . . While education in the long run may be the answer to racial and religious discrimination, society as a whole, for its own protection, cannot allow that violence to go unpunished. . . . In a society which depends on law and order, we simply cannot allow one individual to decide that violence can be condoned."

The *Des Moines Register,* one of America's finest newspapers—from the standpoint of coverage, courage, and conscience—has not limited itself to a reportorial account of the Cooper episode, but has tried to come to grips with the basic problems involved. The *Register* was anxious to have a general inventory made of "accepted" prejudices and the ground in which they were planted. Were Cooper's statements about the guilt of society itself true? What about the home, the church, the school, business? Is it true, as Cooper said, that many of the real sources of hate and prejudice are frequently to be found in traditional institutions? If so, what could be done about it? The *Register* put these questions to leaders all over the state—to ministers, college presidents, business leaders, then devoted almost a full page to the results of the survey.

President Samuel N. Stevens of Grinnel College replied to the *Register's* query and agreed with Mr. Cooper's broad indictment. "Until schools, homes and churches stop indulging in double talk . . . future generations will witness incidents similar to the one which recently occurred in Iowa City. . . . Schools and churches have for the most part been insincere and dishonest. . . . We needn't feel too proud of our advanced civilization. . . . If violence becomes fashionable, we would have more of it. . . . That is why men can be lynched in the South without even the churches raising a protest. It is socially acceptable, regardless of religious and moral pretensions. Churches give lip service to the dignity of man and equality of man without practicing what they profess to believe in."

President C. H. Becker, of Wartburg College wrote that it was useless to "condemn such incidents if they do not awaken us to a renewed sense of our responsibilities. . . . Churches, schools and homes have a responsibility insofar as they do not sufficiently insist on practicing what they teach."

Acting President Tom E. Shearer, of Parsons College, said that "undoubtedly the type of training offered by our churches, schools and homes plays a significant part in the development of prejudices which result in such an incident. But the full responsibility cannot be thrown upon our institutions. Each adult individual of a state or nation like ours must assume his fair measure of responsibility, no matter what his previous training. . . ."

Dean Samuel George, of Dubuque University, did not believe that such an incident was the "fault of any one set of circumstances." "The home is the best place to inculcate integrity, honor, and gentlemanliness, but base society can very often defeat the best teacher of the best homes. Those who did it [attacked Mr. Cooper] are less than men, but those citizens uninflamed by hatred who stood by and did nothing to stop it are a curse to us all."

From President Virgil M. Hancher of the University of Iowa, where the incident occurred, came this frank and constructive statement: "The facts of the E. S. Cooper incident have been difficult to establish. If the investigation reveals facts of the case to be substantially as reported, the long established and liberal tradition of Iowa

(*Continued on page* 26)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Bystanders Are Not Innocent"

SIR: I recently heard a psychologist tell a small group of friends that he suspects that a good many people join the world government movement only because they are afraid of the more tangible issues of the day which are pregnant with controversy.

I didn't answer him at the time because I didn't care, I guess, to mix with a superior intellect. I knew too, that there was a tendency in the world government movement to be 'above the latent dangers of fascism, the possibility of depression and foreign policy blunders. Their "holier than thou" attitude puzzled me.

This note is not to suggest that after reading your story I am no longer puzzled. It is only to congratulate you for calling to the attention of the American intelligentsia that there exists at least one world government advocate who is not blind to the more tangible issues of the day.

Someone recently said the greatest danger facing the world government movement today is that it may become isolationistic at home.

ALEC BORGMAN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Most intelligent, decent people, I think, would not be merely bystanders if such an act of violent anti-Semitism was performed right before their eyes. But they will turn away without a word, for instance, when a cash register is called a "Jewish organ" or choose to ignore the casual comments that "all Jews are fat and rich," ad infinitum. Actually, these seemingly casual remarks . . . made by seemingly nice people are the cancer spreading unchecked and vigorous. It's up to us, I think, to answer every remark, however slight, with a statement of our own feelings on the subject. . . . even though it will take more courage than playing the heroic rescuer in a real brawl. A man or a woman is a moral coward who will let his friends and his convictions be insulted without a word of defense.

MRS. ROBERT ALLEN BOLSTER.

Rochester, N. Y.

"Manners Maketh Man"

SIR: Manners Maketh Phoneyism. [*SRL* July 26].

"Tact, thoughtfulness, and understanding" are a desirable ideal, but, except in a few rare personalities, they have not been the basis of manners. Manners, perhaps conceived originally as tact, thoughtfulness and understanding (but who can say?), have turned into a trick for mastering other people. Honest people have found them impossible to follow.

Irritation, crossness, stomach ulcers, *et al.*, are the result of unsuccessfully trying to follow the code by pushing feelings underground.

In the bad old days of diplomacy, people stabbed each other secretly while the smooth words flowed. Two diplomats equally adept at the manner trick saw through each other very quickly so that the manners did not really accomplish anything positive, but only caused the diplomats to suppress animosities until a more favorable time. They substituted permanent friction for quick explosion.

Contemporary writers are nihilists of rules of conduct because they are rebelling against the results of those rules in our society. They see that those who are most successful at mastering the rules are those who can best split their personalities. They try to scrape off the bright surface personality in order to see the grain of the hidden personality.

We have a new world to live in and the attempt to make it a good world is a glorious challenge. In the chaos of change we will not live successfully by building up pretty systems that crack up with the first tremor of the shifting world. There is too much work to be done to waste time cultivating double personalities.

Today's problems need to be faced honestly, squarely, and nakedly. Kindness, sincere appreciation, the neighborly helping hand that our unmannerly pioneer forefathers extended should form the basis of our social relations, not a tinted eggshell system of manners.

PHYLLIS K. REAMER.

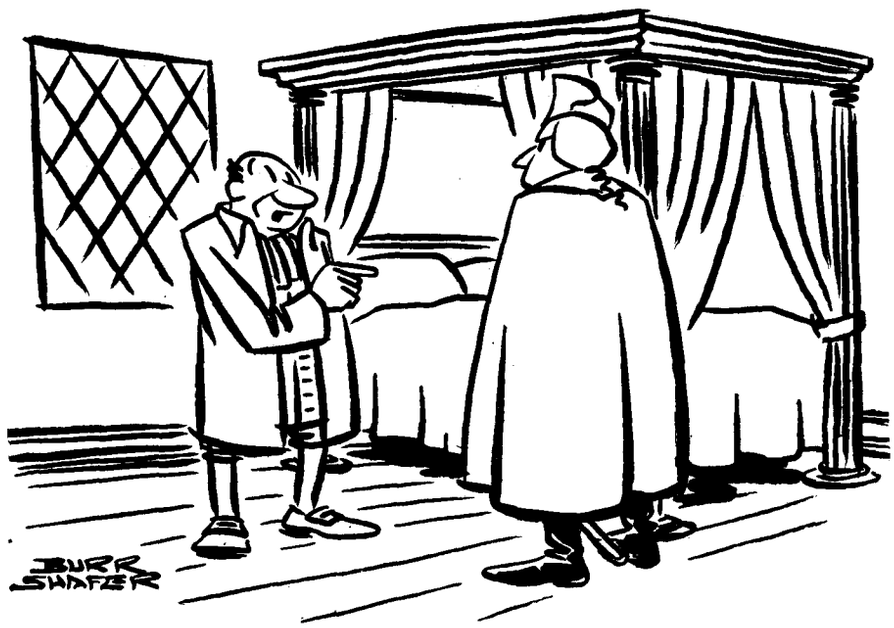
San Antonio, Texas.

SIR: Please accept by compliments for your excellent editorial "Manners Maketh Man." It is one of the finest pieces of editorial writing that I have read in many months—and most timely. The arts have reached a nadir when it becomes necessary to resort to ultra-naturalistic descriptions of human nature in order to turn out a successful product—or "make box-office" or best-seller lists as they would have it.

I do hope you continue to keep your view before *The Saturday Review* audience; to the extent that we make it known that it is unnecessary to appeal to us on such a minor plane, our writers and producers will find it worthwhile to offer us something approaching the true meaning of artistic excellence.

RAYMOND W. YOUNG.

North Bergen, N. J.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"If you would lie down for just a minute, General Washington, I could tell everybody that you slept here."

Biocide

SIR: To the well-known words, suicide and homicide, has recently been added a new and now officially recognized term to denote race destruction, namely, "genocide."

There is another kind of murder going on all the time all about and within us (but on a much grander and more insidious scale)—murder of our own bodily tissues.

This form of self-destruction, while slow, is none the less deadly, and deserves our attention for the very practical purpose of prolonging human life. May I propose to name this kind of murder "biocide"?

"Biocide," or destruction of the tissues of the human body, is caused by all the unphysiologic habits that civilization has imposed upon the human race. These unphysiologic patterns of behavior comprise poor dietary and sexual habits (under and overindulgence), excesses in tobacco and alcohol, drugs, inhalation of chimney and automobile exhaust, the hustle and bustle of modern living, the pressure of social forces, and all the general psychosomatic effects of the alternating currents of satiety and starvation, love and hate, war and peace.

EMANUEL M. GREENBERG, M. D.

New York, N. Y.

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Science and Studies.

Increasingly today, social scientists have been invading the more delicate areas of the mind's operation and of the operations of minds in society. We have turned in on ourselves, introspectively, like the philosophers of Greece, to explore the meaning of self and of spirit in relation to the world around us. But scientists themselves are traditionally wary of the borderline disciplines. Few can question the value of the scientific approach towards rumor developed by two Harvard scientists in "The Psychology of Rumor." Rumor was proved during World War II to be a deadly weapon in morale warfare. Many more will question the validity of psychical research as discussed by Dr. Anspacher in his "Challenge of the Unknown." As the borders of science expand in the direction of mind, the flexibility and boldness of approach typical of the eminent British scientists may be needed. For an example, read "Evolution and Ethics," reviewed below.

"Secret Wild Oat"

CHALLENGE OF THE UNKNOWN. By Louis K. Anspacher. New York: Current Books, Inc. 1947. 327 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by FRANCIS W. LEARY

PSYCHICAL research has lost much of the sympathetic climate it once possessed in Victorian England. To many otherwise well-informed persons it is little more than a high-sounding name for superstition and old wives' tales. Whether the gaslight era provided more favorable illumination for the activities of the Unseen may be conjectural, but there is no doubt that men like Myers, Lodge, Gurney, and Crookes furnished a powerful intellectual leadership which commanded the respect if not the complete accord of thoughtful opinion of that time.

It is the hope of Dr. Anspacher to awaken interest in the whole subject and to stimulate others in the investigation of what he terms his "secret wild oat." His latest work is an anthology of comment in which psychical research is considered in relation to art, philosophy, and religion as well as to the physical sciences; quotations are liberally borrowed from great names in all these pursuits and the argument from authority constantly repeated. However, the most suggestive aspect is found in the few recorded cases mentioned, including such elaborate departures from familiar ground as the experiment with the talking horses of Elberfelde. It is clear, as the author points out, that Mohammed and Zarif—the prodigious stallions — demonstrate the immense possibilities in the entire sub-human kingdom of thought and sensation, given an investigator with sufficient vision to reject traditional approaches. And this is no doubt true for all phases of psychical research.

> I have sometimes wondered [Bergson remarked] what would have happened if modern science, instead of setting out from mathematics and bringing all its forces to converge on the study of matter and physics, had begun by a consideration of mind and soul: if Kepler, Galileo, and Newton had been psychologists instead of mathematicians and astronomers. . . .

While Dr. Anspacher's book has broad speculative implications, most readers are likely to feel that it has no more than rippled the surface in any direction. Much of the present material was originally presented in the form of lectures and one can easily imagine how effective Dr. Anspacher could make the last moments of Socrates or the psychic intimations of the poet Wordsworth, but one may inquire if this really advances an understanding of what psychical research has been able to accomplish since the task was first seriously undertaken in the eighties. It would have been perhaps more relevant, if not so rhetorically impressive, to have included a survey of the work of the London and New York societies for psychical investigation and the courageous efforts of an all-too-few band of researchers to maintain the faith and scientific rigor of the founders. However, one must grant that the author has succeeded in making the subject both popular and significant, which more scientific evaluations have often failed to accomplish. His book expounds the ageless questions at the core of life and the universe, but leaves up to the reader practical methods of inquiry.

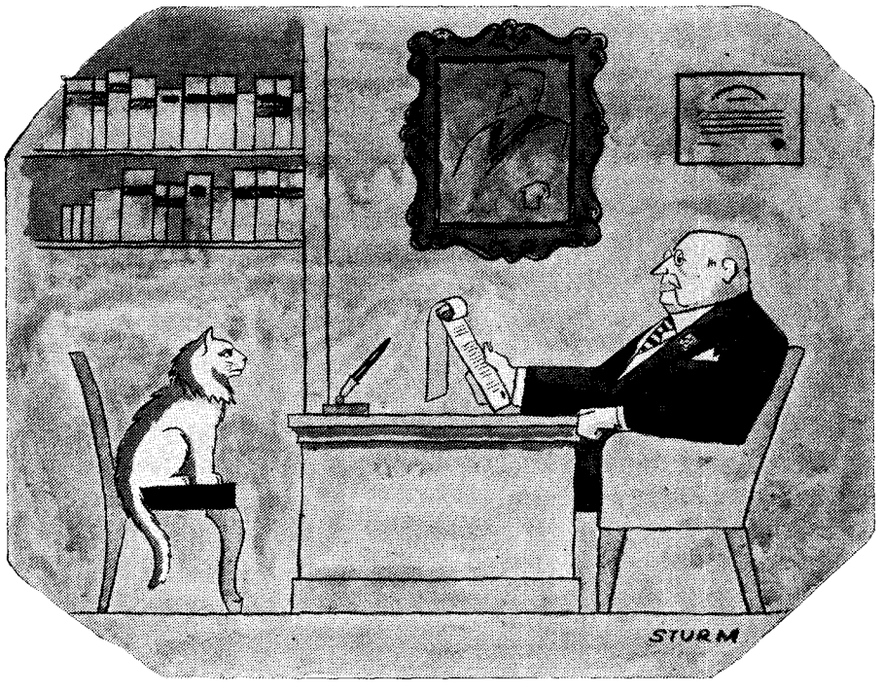
R = I x A

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RUMOR. By Gordon W. Allport and Leo Postman. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 247 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD L. BERNAYS

IF YOU want to know how rumors start, travel, and can be recognized, this book will give you the answers. In it Prof. Gordon W. Allport, of the Department of Social Relations of Harvard University, and Prof. Leo Postman, of the University of Indiana, put rumor under the microscope of the social sciences —sociology, social psychology, and psychology—and make an important contribution to our existing knowledge of rumor in peace and wartime.

The professors recognize that wherever there is social strain, there is rumor too. By giving for the first time a coherent and unified presentation of rumors, they believe they may



"You will be disappointed, I fear, to learn that your late mistress, Mrs. Courtney Somers, left her entire fortune to her relatives."

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These hundred and eight poems display at their richest Mr. Benét's variety, supple poetic art, and the music that made his earlier volumes happy events to countless readers. They range from a handful of lines to long narrative poems, from lyrics to ballads, as widely as the interests of a civilized and impassioned man of sensitivity. In the case of so accomplished a craftsman—a Pulitzer Prize winner and conductor of *SRL's* renowned "Phoenix Nest"—it is idle to speak of "maturing": *The Stairway of Surprise* is the ripe fruit of a fine and moving talent. $3.50

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be providing an aid to social therapeutics. They set forth methods of analyzing rumors and of dealing with them. The authors first describe rumors in wartime, rumor defenses and offenses. They establish a formula for rumors which they call the basic law of rumor: R equals i(importance) times a (ambiguity).

Rumors relieve, justify, and explain emotional tensions; individuals project themselves in rumors.

The authors discuss their experimental laboratory approach to rumors. Since they maintain that rumors are dependent on testimony and recall, on perceiving, remembering, and reporting, their experiments utilize principles established in these fields, and are based on memory and testimony. In them, they show cards representing scenes of tension to individuals who are asked to pass on their impressions from one to another in as many as six verbal reproductions of the scene. They find experimentally that perceptions go through various changes in the progress from individual to individual—leveling, sharpening, assimilating these impressions. Sometimes there are shifts of themes, inversions, and elaborations, "effort after meaning" (*sic:* rationalization), verbal misunderstandings, time and place errors.

Never is there completely truthful transmission of such tension material.

The authors see a universality of the three-part patterns of distortion in the carrying of all rumors—leveling, assimilation, sharpening. There are also, of course, exaggeration, elaboration, and condensation.

The relationship of rumor to legend is touched upon. But no definitive attempt is made to classify rumors, because of their wide variety. The relationship of rumor to riot is also commented upon, and the relationship of rumor to humor.

In an analysis of seven case studies, the authors attempt to apply the principles they have isolated and offer readers some additional rumors as case studies for their own analysis. The book contains a valuable bibliography and a complete index.

In only one field, in the opinion of this reviewer, have the authors minimized an important category of rumors. That is the field of rumor in commerce and industry. The same principles that apply to wartime rumors are valid here, too. These obviously have not had serious study to date. Such rumors are widespread and powerful in effect. Rumors in this field reflect the same fears, hopes, and frustrations as they do in other fields. In our own experiences we have had to fight rumors against business organizations and products that represented racial and religious fears, competitive interests between independents and chain stores, fears of airplane travel, charges, and weights. There is a mass of such data available and it is hoped that the authors will direct their effort towards this field in their next study, to aid in social therapeutics here too.

Edward L. Bernays, public relations counsel, was chairman of the Treasury Department's national publicity advisory committee for the Third War Loan. He is author of "Take Your Place at the Peace Table."

Man: A Problem

EVOLUTION AND ETHICS. By Sir Arthur Keith. With a preface by Ernest A. Hooton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1947. 246 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by J. LAWRENCE ANGEL

SIR ARTHUR KEITH, now in his eighties, is one of the world's great surgical anatomists and physical anthropologists. In this sequence of essays he gives challenging answers to the problems of man's recent and future growth. He anatomizes the paradox of civilization's antipathy to the fierce forms of war which it has created. And at a deeper level he exposes, in family affection and distrust of strangers, the origins of ethical and "cosmical" codes of action. These have led to social isolation of tribal breeding groups as the means of man's recent evolution.

Without undue optimism the author writes, "The thesis I am seeking to prove is that fierce war must be attributed to an inborn fierce nature which has been developed in tribes long subjected to the rigors of competitive evolution." Although "one of the chief effects of Christianity is to dissolve the crust of tribalism and to permit tribal peoples to fuse in a fellowship of mutual love," "if we desire a world studded with free . . . nations . . . we shall regard the intermingling of peoples . . . as prejudicial or evil." Yet to the question "is it possible for two peoples living within the same frontiers . . . to work out harmoniously their separate evolutionary destinies?," Keith answers, "We in Britain and America believe it to be not only possible but also profitable."

This attempt to combine nationalism with Christian idealism and universalism is unobtrusively but fully supported by authorities ranging from Aristotle via Bagehot, Gibbon, and Darwin to the three Huxleys, Hooton, and Laski. Hence the work cannot be dismissed as racism though it skirts this pitfall.

Social scientists will be amazed at the almost complete omission of childhood conditioning as a factor in national character and at the consequent confusion of recent social evolution with long-term species evolution. Part of this lack of separation of environmental from genetic processes seems to be semantic, springing from science's incomplete knowledge as well as from Keith's choice of metaphors. But I do not understand why the author quotes Julian Huxley on man's great biological variability and yet leaves out the mixture of previously isolated groups as a creative force in both biological and social evolution.

Obviously it was impossible in England during the war to write on man's future without bias. But perhaps the ultimate reason for disagreement is that the author's approach combines nineteenth-century rationalism with modern skepticism. This results in an original but pungent concentration of the inconsistencies in recent human evolution: the work is meant to provoke stimulating controversy. And it is a tribute to the author's ability that it does so without being offensive. Yet ultimately the book is important more as a symptom of everybody's concern over the future of mankind than as a major contribution to anthropology. The bitter paradoxes brought out in Sir Arthur's discussion of the contradictory interrelations of war and of Christian morality with the rise of civilization are, however, well worth emphasizing. And since Sir Arthur Keith's evidence proves clearly the unity of anthropological with economic and political factors in shaping world destiny neither nationalists nor internationalists can afford to overlook this book.

J. Lawrence Angel, formerly a graduate student of physical anthropology at Harvard, is at present teaching anthropology and anatomy at Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia.

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THIS ADVERTISEMENT, THE THIRD OF A SERIES BY LEADING BOOK ADVERTISING AGENCIES,
IS PRESENTED BY THE SATURDAY REVIEW AS A SERVICE TO THE BOOK TRADE.

. . . But the Book Business is different!

The first thing you learn when you get into the book business from other fields is that the line, "Our business is different" isn't just a gag. In the book business they **mean** it. In fact they're **proud** of it. If the differences were expressed only in the importance of the product and in the integrity of the members of the trade, that would be fine.

But when, in addition, the difference causes the book trade to overlook many selling methods used in other businesses, a change of attitude is in order.

Consider just a few sales building activities used in other fields—and compare their application in the book business.

* * * * *

The idea of actively plussing a sale is practically unknown in bookstores. You'd assume that a customer for White's book on Germany would also be interested in David Davidson's novel. How many clerks are making the suggestion? How many bookstore clerks recommend that you take a juvenile along for some youngster?

What makes a bookseller think that customers have enough money for **one book only?**

* * * * *

In other types of stores the clerks assume you'd like to buy something. But in a bookstore they'll urge you to browse. Many a prospect will browse in and then browse out without making a purchase. Habitual book buyers **know** about this browsing deal. Others expect to be "waited on." They walk out when no one pays attention to them.

Of course, browsing makes the bookstore **different.** Perhaps that is why less is being done to develop sales efficiency in retail book outlets than in any other field we know.

* * * * *

Consider the publisher and his publicity. Books and authors are at least as important and news worthy as a beach in Florida or a new whiskey. Yet in most cases a book is said to have had a publicity job when reviews, an occasional cocktail party, a few radio tie-ups for the author have been arranged. Routine. That's the way the book business has **always** handled publicity.

But if publicity men in other fields can snatch reams of free space with ideas, tie-ups and stunts, the book men can do it, too.

* * * * *

Manufacturers have built big businesses through cooperative advertising by their retailers without a line of national advertising on their own.

We'd like to suggest to some publisher: The next time you have a $300 to $600 appropriation on a book, turn it **all** over for cooperative advertising by those booksellers who can become **enthusiastic** about your book.

What? Booksellers don't get interested in your book? This may be the publisher's own fault. Right now, the information the bookseller gets on most books is provided through space in a catalog, a seasonal visit from the salesman, a blurb on the jacket and in the trade press.

Do publishers believe that's enough to excite the bookseller and to get him to advertise a book?

* * * * *

Maybe its time for the book business to stop being so different and to adopt some of the dynamic sales, promotional, publicity and advertising techniques used in other fields and applicable to books.

On a cooperative, industry-wide basis, let's use sales training courses or motion pictures; merchandising manuals and store organization manuals; suggestions and bulletins on window dressing, and indoor display; special national sales events, etc.

On an individual basis, let one publisher introduce a seasonal list with a manual on "how to sell the X List for Fall." Let another try the same thing with slide films. In publicity go to town on every book with ideas and innovations. And in all cases tighten up on dealer relations.

The book business is a good business. The market is growing. The public will continue to buy books. But they must be sold.

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BYSTANDERS

(*Continued from page 20*)

City and the university has sustained a grievous injury. From that injury there can be recovery—a recovery which can produce a stronger liberal fibre by a reaffirmation of the moral law and a diligent enforcement of the statutes which have been so grossly violated. The university stands firmly behind the official investigation and will add its full disciplinary power of the law. . . ."

Dr. Harry H. Kalas, executive secretary of the Iowa Interchurch Council, wrote that the "shocking episode at Iowa City may be an ill wind which blows great good. It may cause us to realize that our discussions about brotherhood are too academic, and therefore do not reach college students. It also blew great good because it gave a victim of violence an opportunity to reveal the depth of his own religion. I desire also to commend the frankness of the *Des Moines Register* for the humility of its editorial concerning the failure of the press to bring this incident to the people. I share that humility as a churchman. I shudder to think that the ruffians who violated every New Testament principle might have had some church connection which failed to 'take'."

And from Frank Miles, an officer of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Iowa, came this statement: "The attackers should be exposed to public scorn and prosecuted to the full limit of the law. . . . I took particular notice of the number of stars of David in American military cemeteries I visited during a round-the-world trip, and found the proportion of Jewish dead to total American dead greater than the proportion of Jews to total population in the United States."

* * *

AS FOR itself, the *Des Moines Register* has called upon E. S. Cooper to prosecute his assailants, but believes that the city, county, and university authorities have the direct obligation to take action regardless. "During the 1930's, the world witnessed the fallacy of neutrality in international relations," a *Register* editorial said. "The nation that was 'neutral' toward one crime soon became the victim of the next crime. The situation is the same in domestic relations. Those who do not effectively resist anarchy will one day become its victims. Under civilized life, all individuals are allied to protect each other. An act against a member of a minority is an act against each individual in society, as murder is a threat to the life of every man. . . ."

In its news columns, an enterprising *Register* reporter revealed that one of the boys who attacked Mr. Cooper had a previous police record, having once been involved in a large number of burglaries, and having served time in Boy's Town near Omaha, Nebraska, and in the Eldora training school for boys. While at Eldora, according to the *Register*, he took part in the mass riot and break of August 1945.

The boy apologized very humbly to Cooper. "His repentance, however, may have been stimulated by the fact that Ham Snider, husky former University of Iowa football star, had a notion to kick the stuffing out of him. Snider . . . 'took' the assailant up to Cooper's apartment. . . . What burned up Snider was the fact that the two attackers were both tall and young, and one is known to be pretty pugnacious. The dark and balding Cooper, on the other hand, is less than five feet eight inches tall, weighs 143 pounds, and never had a fight in his life."

Perhaps the most salutary aspect of the entire affair is that the citizens of Iowa have been exposed to some healthy moral and social soul-searching. In press, school, and pulpit, there has been a sincerely deep reexamination and reappraisal of individual and group attitudes, convictions, and prejudices.

One of *SRL*'s Iowa readers put it in this way: "Cooper has made a profound impression on the people of Iowa. Even though they know that his refusal to prosecute makes it difficult, perhaps impossible, for the investigations to result in actual indictments, they have a feeling that this quiet man of good will, with deep religious and ethical convictions about what is needed to build the spirit and substance of brotherhood, has helped to fashion a mirror for all of us that we might never have looked into otherwise. What he says about the basis of hate may very well cause many people who understand only the forms of Christianity to understand and believe in the substance of Christianity as well."

So much for this interim account. If there are any new developments—assuming a continued interest in them by *SRL* readers—we will make a further report. N. C.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

A QUIZ ON PROVERBS

Morris Raymond, of East Aurora, New York, submits the first lines of fifteen proverbs and asks you to match them up with their second lines. Allowing seven points for each one correctly matched, a score of sixty-three is par, seventy-seven is very good, and eighty-four or better is excellent. Answers on page 34.

1. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.....
2. Keep thy heart with all diligence.....
3. The tongue of the just is as choice silver.....
4. Go to the ant, thou sluggard.....
5. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is.....
6. It is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top.....
7. Where there is no vision, the people perish.....
8. The mouth of the just bringeth forth wisdom.....
9. The wise shall inherit glory.....
10. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.....
11. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left.....
12. An ungodly witness scorneth judgment.....
13. Pride goeth before destruction.....
14. Righteousness exalteth a nation.....
15. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge.....

SECOND LINES

A. but shame shall be the promotion of fools.
B. than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.
C. but fools despise wisdom and instruction.
D. but the forward tongue shall be cut out.
E. remove thy foot from evil.
F. and an haughty spirit before a fall.
G. for out of it are the issues of life.
H. but when the desire cometh, it is the tree of life.
I. but sin is a reproach to any people.
J. the heart of the wicked is little worth.
K. than with a brawling woman in a wide house.
L. and the knowledge of the holy is understanding.
M. but he that keepeth the law, happy is he.
N. consider her ways and be wise.
O. and the mouth of the wicked devoureth iniquity.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 19*)

nascent Jews as they claim the land of their fathers, breaking the old ground, organizing cooperatives, building a unity, and beginning to live. Some of you may think that the author has painted too bright a picture of the colonists, that they seem too joyful, that their loving-kindness and brilliant enthusiasm are unreal and idealized. This occurred to me, but it also occurred to me that the euphoria I mentioned would be a natural and understandable reaction on the part of a people who had been abused almost beyond belief, who had had their dignity taken from them along with their homes and their families, and had now come to a place historically theirs, a land for which many of them felt an atavistic familiarity. They had been made captive and had hated their captors, had been rescued and had learned, with reason, to distrust their saviors, and now they had come to their own place, had come home. To dream grandly, to sing at their work, to reach out to each other in love and acceptance, would seem an inevitable behavior.

Around David are gathered Jewish refugees from half the countries of Europe. Weisbrod, the broken, brilliant surgeon who emerged slowly from his trauma to put his sensitive hands to work in the fields; Miriam, the beautiful Jewess who had been so physically degraded by the Nazis that she rejected all hope as illusion; Avram, who loved her and believed in the future; Yehuda Halevi, who pretended to David, out of pity, that he was his uncle and would take his father's place. There are Arabs, some friendly, some hostile, and one brief glimpse of an English official, a complacent and not unkind man, who said one thing which sticks in my mind: "'Well, hop in'," the Englishman said, opening the back of the car [for David]. "'I suppose a Jew who runs away from school ought to be encouraged'."

Meyer Levin has written this novel pretty straight. He has resisted the temptation to editorialize, and it must have been a great temptation. Instead he has cut a clear path through the complex political and racial situation, to tell a warm, simple, lovingly-written, insistently touching story. By writing in this way, the comment becomes mercilessly implicit, the anger is transferred, and the present tragedy of Palestine is more effectively illuminated than by any factual analysis which could have been presented.

JOURNAL
OF THE
LADY PAMELA FOXE

Being her Account of her adventures, in England, in the Colony of Massachusets and at Sea, Together With the story of her one True Love and her Reflections upon the Vicissitudes of Fortune, all the Events Narrated having occurred in the Year of Our Lord 17..

BY DOROTHEA MALM

With all the sparkle and verve of a sophisticated modern novel, PAMELA FOXE is a witty tale of adventure, high comedy and love—told with a delightful combination of delicacy and daring. Pam is certain to be hailed as one of the gayest, most irrepressible heroines of recent fiction.

$2.75, at all bookstores

Prentice Hall

Low? Losing weight?
Try
Gus the Great

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duction of this or that, catalog, etc. There's a gobbledegook word that has bad connotations; but the idea is good—coordination.

A sound suggestion from Royall Brandis, of Durham—which I hope to answer in a future column:

I read with interest your column of July 12 concerning the publishing industry. Like many of the pleadings or explanations for higher prices which have been heard in recent years, this one, deliberately or otherwise, seemed to miss one important point entirely, namely, profits. I should think a fairer picture of the situation could be gained if you would endeavor to supply your readers with the following information:

1. The rate of return presently being earned on invested capital by the leading publishing houses.
2. Where the owners of the houses are also employees, what salaries are being currently received.

I realize that this information is ordinarily a private matter and properly so, but, if partial figures on costs and profits are going to be used to substantiate publishers' claims, then the full picture should be presented on a business-like basis.

From Henry W. Bethard, Jr., chairman of the Louisiana State Library:

It seems that the financial hazards of book publishing would be solved somewhat by increasing the market for books. This, naturally, can be done by increasing the number of library units in the United States, which not only would occasion the purchase of many volumes, but, at the same time, would stimulate interest in books and thereby gain a new market for the publishing houses.

There is now pending in Congress Senate Bill 48, which is known as the Public Library Service Demonstration Act. If this Act is passed, and becomes the law. It will assure establishment of libraries in nearly all of the counties of the United States. Therefore, it is obvious that in the establishment of these libraries it will be necessary to purchase thousands of books, and, finally, a vast number of people would, through the use of the libraries, become readers, and, resultingly, purchasers of books.

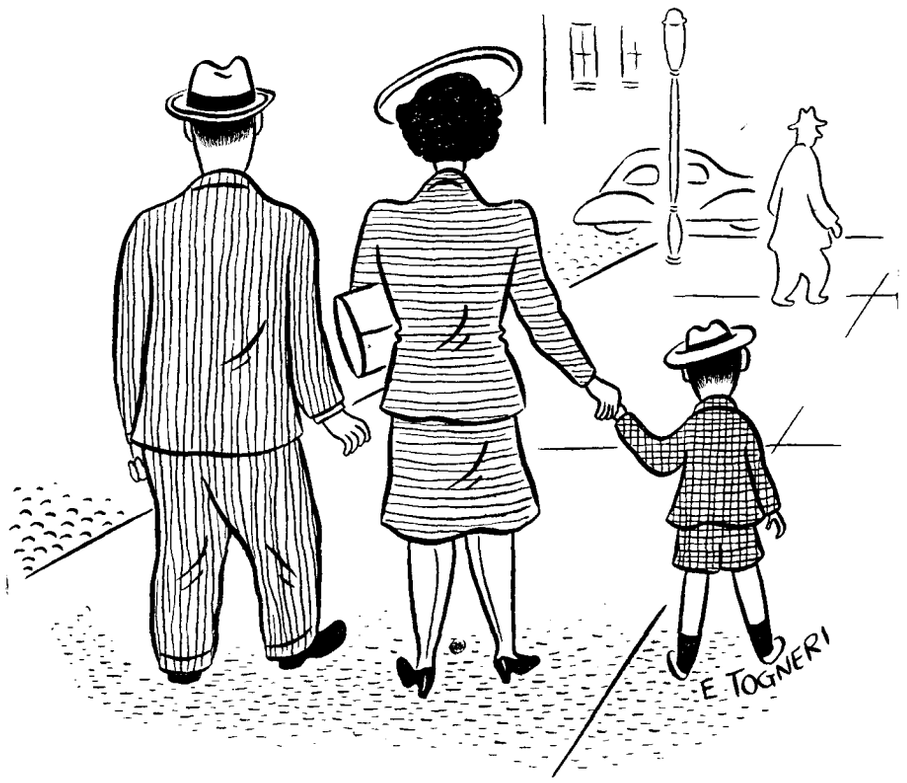
Louisiana pioneered the Demonstration Library . . . and our board sent witnesses to Washington to testify in behalf of Senate Bill 48. The *SRL* should publicize this bill —and interested readers should send to Congress for a copy of it.

From scornful bookseller Howard Klein, president of Burrows Brothers, Cleveland:

Wonderland? No, I think you meant Blunderland. That is the only way one who has to suffer by them can qualify the dubious economies of publishing. Lo, the magnanimous publisher; he fought tooth and nail to keep prices down when he was enjoying the greatest volume and largest profits in publishing history during the past war years. Of course, the fact that most novels rose from $2.50 to $3 and many books were reduced in size to about one-half, and the quality of paper used was certainly not fitted for the better things in life cuts no ice, but a big A for effort; and now that a little ingenuity must be used in devising new methods—a great deal more care in selectivity —a natural limitation placed on the size of lists by reduced public acceptance, we must again put the cart before the horse and raise prices before making an honest attempt to effect the simple economies which even the corner confectionery man makes when he is stumbling along in a minor recession.

I realize from your article that the bookseller has gained tremendous advantages in return privileges and discounts, but as I recall a discussion a year ago with one of your own firm executives—at no time have the profits of retailing (books of course) ever approximated even by 50 per cent the profits of publishing. Of course, the poor retailer doesn't have the brushed off nest egg of subsidiary rights (he only helps create them) which in your case and the case of many publishers amounts to far more than the normal or anticipated profit on any book. I realize that from the goodness of their hearts publishers put all this money back into encouraging rising young authors so that once accepted by the public they may arise to demand the publisher's private office as down payment on all the benefits they are to receive—or maybe the publishers never heard of protective contracts.

Be that as it may, why not face the facts and realize that a publisher today, yourself included, is nothing but a glorified agent—all he needs is an office—everything else can be farmed out, and as far as economic programs are concerned, I know a great many fine accountants who can set up a budget (and enforce it) so that



My Current Reading

SRL has asked a number of well-known public figures to report on their current reading—books they have just read, are reading now, or plan to read shortly. The present list was contributed by **John Gunther,** author of "Inside U. S. A."

"A Study of History," by Arnold J. Toynbee
"The Outline of History," by H. G. Wells
"Moby Dick," by Herman Melville
"Remembrance of Things Past," by Marcel Proust
"The Education of Henry Adams," by Henry Adams
"Essays," by Ralph Waldo Emerson
"Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain
"The History of the Great American Fortunes," by Gustavus Myers
"Richer by Asia," by Edmond Taylor

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publishers can also get the benefit of the sound advice other businesses avail themselves of—he can even tell them how much to spend for advertising.

From author and ad-man Roswell Ward, of New York:

> In comparison with other types of merchandising, current book publishing practice seems to be committed to the sale of relatively small quantities of an amazingly diversified "line" of products; a degree of diversification with few parallels in other lines of manufacturing and more diversified than the business of most jobbers, except for those in the hardware field.
>
> The logical and often suggested course of action (harking back to the days of the almost forgotten Cheney Report—what ever happened to that?), is to publish more of fewer titles.
>
> This involves some shift in the standards of editorial judgment now utilized; would seem to limit the publication of books on special subjects; and would limit suitable attention to new writers. I wonder if the solution might not appear in producing two types of books:
>
> (a) For large editions, some of them much larger than are now usual, utilize current methods of printing and binding.
> (b) For special subjects, new writers, scholarly works, etc., publish in small runs using photolitho; paper binding; and possibly one of the more legible typewriter type faces. In this connection we are given to believe that photographic typesetting is soon to be a reality.

I have suggested to the editors of *SRL* that they run a symposium on the State of the Book Business, in which one representative author, publisher, manufacturer, designer, agent, advertising manager, bookseller, critic, and general reader will, in turn, be given space to set forth his views in full. Obviously, it is vitally important to each of these groups, whatever their differences and conflicting interests may be, that book publishing in America remain a healthy and prosperous industry.

BENNETT CERF.

TILLEY THE TOILER

(*Continued from page* 10)

was quietly buried after a few years, and Ross would undoubtedly be happy to have it forgotten. It was this period that saw the birth of *The New Yorker* legend; the organized effort that was to produce the present-day *New Yorker* began later.

A fact about *The New Yorker* which is not part of *The New Yorker* legend is that the job of editor or staff writer is physically debilitating, mentally exhausting, and a form of social suicide.

There are not titles at *The New Yorker* except in the business department. The most definite statement possible about the staff is that the excellence of most *New Yorker* prose is due partly to the fact that it passes through the hands of men named Shawn, Vanderbilt, Maxwell, Lobrano, Whitaker, Packard, and Weekes, none of whom have any definite titles and few of whom are known to the public.

There are several factors that make an editorial job at *The New Yorker* a more desperate affair than another editorial job. The worst, of course, is the glum fact of *The New Yorker's* perfection; because perfection, in the mind of Harold Ross, is not a goal or an ideal, but something that belongs to him, like his watch or his hat.

ANOTHER factor that makes editing *The New Yorker* something of a nightmare is the number and variety of items in each issue. There are Comment and Talk paragraphs, pictures, poems, short stories, essays, a Profile or Reporter at Large, half a dozen critical departments, a dozen or so newsbreaks, and the Goings-On Department, which covers movies, plays, restaurants, and night clubs. Talk is made up according to a loose but inevitable formula requiring four short anecdotes at least, and a selection of four long stories including one "dope" story, one personality story, and if possible a "visit" or personally reported story by a Talk rewrite man. Talk must be made up so that there are no conflicts with other items in the issue: that is, no mentions of subjects mentioned elsewhere in the magazine. Thus, if one

Broadway's 3 Biggest Hits!

JOHN LOVES MARY
The Gay New Comedy Success
Air-Cond. MUSIC BOX, W. 45 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HELEN HAYES
In the New Comedy Hit
"Happy Birthday"
Air-Cond. BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ETHEL MERMAN
In the Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
with RAY MIDDLETON
Air-Cond. IMPERIAL, W. 45 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A ribaldly entertaining evening"
—George Jean Nathan
MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The Nation's Brilliant Comedy Smash
by GARSON KANIN Air-conditioned
NEW YORK • Lyceum Theatre
CHICAGO • Erlanger Theatre

"TOPS IN TOON—SCOTCH AND SO-DA-LIGHTFUL."—Walter Winchell
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL
BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
with
DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • JAMES MITCHELL
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St, Eves 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

LELAND HAYWARD presents
1946 PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
RALPH BELLAMY • KAY FRANCIS
STATE OF THE UNION
THE COMEDY HIT
by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
with Myron McCormick, Minor Watson, Margalo Gillmore
HUDSON THEATRE, 44th Street, East of B'way
Evgs. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Air-cond

The harder they fall
by BUDD SCHULBERG
. . . the novel which *The Saturday Review of Literature* calls "brilliant, witty, and amusing" is the current Selection of the
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of the Talk personality stories is about a dog-breeder who took a prize at the Westminster Kennel Club show, there must be no dogs in other Talk stories, nor in any of the drawings, short stories, or essays as well. Newsbreaks, poems, and other fillers—even the tiny spot drawings used as type ornaments —are scrutinized until the last press deadline, for fear of possible conflicts.

The third factor which produces a good magazine once a week and keeps editorial nerves on the stretch is an insane complexity of action. The trend is always away from simplicity. Twenty years ago a man-about-town named Fillmore Hyde used to come in and write three thousand words of Talk on Thursday afternoon. Lately, Talk has been taking up the entire working week of four reporters. The breezy titles of the various factual departments—Profiles and A Reporter at Large, as well as Talk of the Town, are merely memories of days when *The New Yorker* took life and journalism much less seriously than at present. A Profile, for instance, could be reported and written in a couple of days, once upon a time; the intention then was merely to present an offhand impression of the subject, literally a profile. Nowadays it is not unusual for a writer to spend three months gathering his material, a month writing the Profile, and another month answering queries and preparing the piece for the press. Ross is no longer content with a profile; he requests also a family history, bank reference, social security number, urinalysis, catalogue of household possessions, names of all living relatives, business connections, political affiliations, as well as a profile. The pieces have expanded enormously; there are numerous two-part profiles, some three-part ones, and now and then a five-part one, such as McKelway's painstaking dissection of Walter Winchell and John Bainbridge's study of *The Reader's Digest*. Back in 1926 *The New Yorker* would probably have had some pretty caustic things to say about a publication which printed a twenty-five-thousand word biographical study and called it a profile.

Some amateur statistician at the magazine recently estimated that if every staff writer contributed only one piece every six months, there would be a sufficient supply of Talk, Profiles, Reporters, and other fact pieces. *The New Yorker* is prodigal with drawing accounts. The indebtedness of departing writers is usually carried in the books, the fiction being that he will return some day, write seven or eight Profiles, and clear his account. Nobody, staff writer or free lance, is ever commissioned to do a piece—that is, given an assignment with a guarantee of payment.

Fiction and poetry being almost but impossible to regiment, *The New Yorker* handles such contributions pretty normally. By and large, it is no harder to write a *New Yorker* short story now than it was fifteen or twenty years ago. Sally Benson once sent in a story about some adventure or other that happened to a man who lived in a cabin on a mountainside. Her author's proof included a fretful Ross query: "How he come to be living on mountainside? Better explain." Miss Benson penciled an answer: "I don't know how he came to be living on a mountainside. This is just a story I made up, and I didn't make up that part."

"Art meeting" is one of the great *New Yorker* institutions: the process, hardly changed by the passage of the years, by which the drawings are bought. It has always been attended by Ross and Rea Irvin, the first art editor. The current art editor attends; so does one of the fiction editors; Mrs. White does if she is in town. These people sit four abreast at a conference table, while the pictures, one after another, are laid on an easel in front of them. At each place is a pad, pencil, ashtray, and knitting needle. The knitting needle is for pointing at faulty details in pictures. Ross rejects pictures firmly and rapidly, perhaps one every ten

THE NEW

INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY

Vol. XI August 30, 1947 No. 8

"Come And Kill Me," Hints Strange Ad In Paris Newspapers

Just before Sgt. Larry Ross was liberated from a German prison camp, a terrified fellow-soldier begged him to deliver a letter in Paris. Then the soldier disappeared.

As soon as Larry got off the train in Paris, he found himself dodging a sniper's bullets. And when he arrived at Number 23, Rue Auber, the man to whom the letter was addressed was not listed among the tenants. *Never had been,* insisted the surly concierge.

Soon Larry began to realize that the seemingly innocent letter was actually international dynamite — and *he* was the fuse. So he ran an ad in the Paris papers calculated to draw his unknown enemies to him. And little by little, through the sunlit days of a Paris spring, they closed in on him.

If you enjoy suspense literature in the tradition of "The 39 Steps," you will relish every tense moment of . . .

THE RING AND THE LAMP
by William Rollins
$2.50 at bookstores

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DAY HE DIED *Lewis Padgett* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce $2.50)	N. Y. magazine writer, plagued by plagiarizing poltergeist, ex-husband, and "incubus," finds self only connection between two murders. Police much puzzled.	Girl's rescue from relentless killer by two delightful (and un-apprehended) arch-villains high spot of occasionally woozy but generally satisfactory yarn.	Enjoyable
THE WHISPERING MASTER *Frank Gruber* (Rinehart: $2)	Phonograph master-disc thrown by soon-to-be-slain girl into Fletcher and Cragg's hotel room starts Fletcher's detective instinct whirling.	Best Fletcher-Cragg yarn in some time. Fletcher's manipulation of $5 bank-acct. astounding. Writing spotty; plot rather thick—but exciting.	Exhilarating
HEADLONG FROM HEAVEN *Michael Valbeck* (Mill: $2.75)	Accidental shooting of Cape Town ad-agency president's pretty secretary plunges exec. and wife into murder morass. "Freudian slip" helps detective.	South African background especially interesting. Plot emphasizes fact that hucksters and libidinous ladies are same world-over. Convincingly written.	Effective melodrama

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seconds. "Nah . . . nah . . . nah." A really bad picture wrings from him the exclamation "Buckwheat!" — a practical compromise between the violence of his feelings and the restraint he feels in the presence of Mrs. White or a lady secretary. "Who's talking?" he will ask occasionally; this means that the drawing will get sent back to the artist, to have the speaker's mouth opened wider. Now and then Ross gets lost in the intricacies of perspective. "Where am *I* supposed to be?" he will unhappily inquire, gazing into the picture. If nobody can say exactly where Ross is supposed to be, out the picture goes.

IT MIGHT be noted that the business department of *The New Yorker* is just like the business department of any successful enterprise. There is an unwritten and inviolable non-fraternization rule, encouraged by Ross and meekly accepted by Raoul Fleischmann, the owner: no business-office men in the editorial room unless by strict invitation. The advertising salesmen are happy fellows, hampered only by Ross's objection to such advertisements as those mentioning deodorants, contraceptives, or even kiss-proof lipstick. The circulation is pushing three hundred thousand, and could probably go much higher if it were not for the standard *New Yorker* advertising contract, which guarantees the advertiser that half the circulation is within metropolitan New York. Fleischmann, who put up the bulk of the original investment, has been out of the red for eighteen years. There are reports that Henry Luce with whose magazine *The New Yorker* had been feuding for more than twenty years, is now a fairly large stockholder in the New Yorker Magazine, Inc. The why, when, and how-much of the transaction have not been disclosed; but blocks of *New Yorker* stock have been available from time to time at something over fifty, there being several dozen stockholders in all. In any event, accidentally, or otherwise, there have been few recent evidences of editorial swiping — at least in print — between *The New Yorker* and *Time*, Inc.

A guided tour of *The New Yorker* offices would reveal little of the spiritual turmoil that goes on there. It is an unusually dirty and inconvenient office, to be sure; but impersonal. There are no rugs at the New Yorker, no curtains, no decorations, and little feeling for order or cleanliness. Carrying on the Thurber tradition of drawing on the walls, the office boys have left quite a few dirty and meaningless hen-tracks. The water-coolers are filled at the mop-closet sink, though the containers bear the name of a famous bottled water. Hidden in a corner is a photostat machine; once, long ago, Ross thought that a multiplicity of photostat copies would expedite the handling of last-minute copy, forgetting that it took time for the prints to dry. The automatic pencil-sharpener is gathering dust in a corner, too. The very soft pencils demanded by Ross tended to break in the user's hand after being put through the automatic sharpener. An edict went out that all Ross pencils had to be hand-sharpened and personally tested by his personal secretary. While Ross was basking in this luxury, the secretary fleeced him of thousands of dollars by presenting him with blank checks to sign and making them out to himself, lost the money on the horses, and evaded justice by way of the gas-oven.

The New Yorker is, in the end, merely a state of mind, a relationship between Ross and his minions, between staff and readers. The readers are important; they contribute all the Talk anecdotes and all the newsbreaks, suggest Talk stories, profiles, and other factual pieces, and (in Ross's guilty imagination) have miscarriages at the sight of saucy pictures or stories. Ross is a puritan, and he flew into a rage, back in 1927, when *The New Yorker's* one suggestive drawing was explained to him. It was the one showing a man and a girl, carrying between them the back seat of an automobile, saying to a rural policeman, "We want to report a stolen car." It was this picture, or

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center
A frolicsome romantic comedy filled with fabulously funny situations . . .
CARY GRANT
MYRNA LOY
SHIRLEY TEMPLE
"THE BACHELOR and the BOBBY-SOXER"
with Rudy Vallee • Ray Collins
Harry Davenport • Johnny Sands
A Dore Schary Production
An RKO Radio Picture
ON THE GREAT STAGE
"MELODYTIME" — Lavish, lighthearted extravaganza produced by Russell Markert, settings by Bruno Maine . . . with the Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble, Rockettes and Symphony Orchestra.

ON THE SCREEN
WARNER BROS. present Clarence Day's
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
LIFE WITH FATHER
starring WILLIAM POWELL · IRENE DUNNE
with ELIZABETH TAYLOR
From Oscar Serlin's Stage Production
EDMUND GWENN · ZASU PITTS
From the Original Play by
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ · Produced by ROBERT BUCKNER
Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart · Music by Max Steiner
CONTINUOUS AT THE AIR-CONDITIONED WARNER THEATRE · B'WAY at 51st
DOORS OPEN 10:30 A.M.
SPECIAL LATE MIDNIGHT FILM

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something equally uninhibited in the text, that caused a lady reader to have a miscarriage; or so she wrote to Ross. He has never forgotten it.

The most significant single fact about *The New Yorker* is not the financial statement, impressive as this frequently has been; it is the fact that, at present, none of *The New Yorker* people except Ross has an ulcer. It's when the boss begins delegating his ulcers to somebody else that a magazine begins to slip.

Genre Pieces

THE CAPTAIN'S TIGER. By Jerome Weidman. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1947. 230 *pp.* $2.75.

HOWE & HUMMEL: Their True and Scandalous History. By Richard H. Rovere. Illustrated by Reginald Marsh. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1947. 190 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRY A. BULL

SOME people take *The New Yorker* solely for the cartoons and the items in brief; and some only to get Edmund Wilson's criticism. "Howe & Hummel" and "The Captain's Tiger" are for neither extreme, but for the larger middle group addicted to the profiles and incidental fiction. In both these fields of writing *The New Yorker's* success has had a considerable influence on journalism and on the younger literary generation. These two volumes of material largely collected from its weekly pages show many of the typical virtues and limitations of their respective genres.

The better writing is in the contemporary short stories of Jerome Weidman, the better reading in Richard H. Rovere's expansion of his profiles on America's most successful criminal law office, which flourished from 1869 to 1907.

In a year's run of publishing, both books are far more than acceptable; some of the Weidman episodes are moving, and almost all of the Rovere anecdotes are hilarious. Both authors are generally accomplished masters of their media, well up to *The New Yorker's* polished standard. If after ten years, only "Monsoon," the brilliant opening story in "The Captain's Tiger," is likely to be remembered out of the 420 pages under discussion, is there any reason for a reviewer to complain?

I think there is, because Mr. Weidman's first books, like John O'Hara's, showed so much more promise than was later realized, and because the lack of this fruition might seem to come in part from the ease with which both men have mastered saleable, relatively superficial formulae. They appear to have been writing for *The New Yorker* space rate rather than because they have had something to say. Both, of course, have a grudge, that sense of slight, half-covered by contempt, which crops up in *New Yorker* fiction "shorts" with an almost monotonous regularity.

Instead of expanding, Mr. Weidman's pungent individuality has thus shown signs of evaporating. Without losing his bitterness, he appears to have lost the creative urge to put it to better use than ephemeral reporting, which is all that most of his home-front wartime episodes amount to, or to dressing up what the popular dailies call "human interest" for a public that fancies its liberal sophistication.

Like most of his *New Yorker* colleagues, Mr. Weidman has a sharp eye for material details, particularly on his native East Side, and a sure sense of building them into an atmosphere so thick that a copy editor could only cut it with a knife. But like most of his chacacters, he has so far failed to mature in the round, to add distinction of mind to distinction of style, and the resulting stories too frequently suggest only a perfectly set stage with a rehearsal in progress. The players have yet to crystallize, the continuity of their behavior is not even sensed. The motivation, as in "My Aunt from Twelfth Street," may be unclear, or when it is apparent, is often too simplified to lift the characterizations above the popular magazine level. Indeed, the two closing stories about London in the blitz, written at greater length for mass magazines, are almost as sentimental and false as the fictional company in which they must have found themselves. Mr. Weidman is therefore lucky to have *The New Yorker* support him at an intermediary literary and financial level, but, as "Monsoon" proves, Harold Ross's staff has no aversion whatsoever to best it is—that Mr. Weidman can produce.

A wealth of amusing circumstances rather than a depth of understanding is generally the mark of *The New Yorker* profile. Indeed the department heading itself belies an effort to round out the portrait. The archives of history and psychology may incidentally be served, but it is the weekly buyer in search of entertainment who gets first consideration. And he has seldom been better served than in "The True and Scandalous History of Howe and Hummel," which is all that its name implies. Richard H. Rovere has written this astonishing saga of criminal old New York in the vein of an operetta, and when you read how the junior partner, Abraham Hummel, earned his first dollar during the Civil War "by going out with a pailful of tap water and a dipper to Tompkins Square, where a regiment of Union volunteers was massed under an oppressive sun and hawking 'cold, clear water, fresh from Croton'," you realize that you are in for one of those wide-eyed, nostalgic pieces which are at the opposite end of *The New Yorker's* range from their crusades against rival journalists (*cf.* Winchell, De Witt Wallace, and Luce).

—From "Howe & Hummel."

There is a point beyond which the recounting of shocking behavior can produce no further reaction than laughter. Howe and Hummel's careers were lived largely beyond that point, and their professional history benefits accordingly.

In expanding his magazine series, Mr. Rovere has shown no inclination to take the book more seriously than journalism and has failed to cut some repetitions that must have been intended to help the serial reader. His publishers, however, have added gay nineties drawings by Reginald Marsh, and a lively preface by Judge James Wallace to make the whole wicked record as festive and harmless as Christopher Morley's revival of sin and Hoboken.

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the Phoenix Nest

BALLADE FOR DUSTING THE BOOKS

COME now, my soul, and let us feed
On hyacinths. The way is clear.
No urgent duty calls. Indeed,
I might assume a duty here,
So thick the dust. Now with a cheer
Leave other chores to maids and cooks,
But I shall learn once more, I fear,
How long it takes to dust the books.

Shakespeare—I won't stop now to read—
Othello, Hamlet, great King Lear,
Don't tempt me! How the poets breed
Contempt for time, and charm the ear.
Alice—and Lady Windermere—
Sherlock's delightful cops and crooks—
"Ode to a Nightingale"—It's queer
How long it takes to dust the books.

Within this realm it is decreed
That beauty, growing year by year,
Will comfort every man in need,
Let him as suppliant appear.
Who said, "Life's but a desert drear"?
This life?—This world of birds and brooks
With fields and woods and gardens near?
(How long it takes to dust the books!)

This is not labor. This is sheer
Delight, however dull it looks,
And I don't care at all, my dear,
How long it takes to dust the books.

G. W. B.

* * *

From Old House Cove, Saint Michaels, Maryland, Gilbert Byron sends me an open letter:

Henry D. Thoreau, Esquire
Walden,
R. F. D. #1,
Concord, Massachusetts:

Dear Henry:

It is raining today, not the spring or fall rain, whose tattoo we love so much, but a humid, summer rain which makes this neck of the woods an exceedingly wet place in which to live.

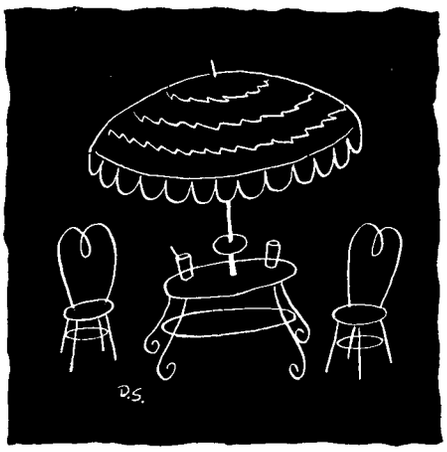
Ah! life in the woods, though you did not foresee it, you sent me here, Henry. You led me to build a little shack, practise masonry, forsake school teaching, and seek the simple life. But alas, I suspect that you were just polishing that wonderful style of yours when you spoke of simplicity, for, while my life during the past year has had moments of great beauty and serenity, it has not been a simple life. One look at the tools of modern civilization which clutter the screened porch and little cabin would assure you that I am not polishing my rhetoric, much as it may need it. On the porch a glance catalogues a large box of carpentry tools, a gasoline blow torch, several empty jars which once contained peanut butter (homogenized), a set of marine lanterns (required by the Coast Guard if I wish to take a sail at night), a boat sail, a box of flea powder for my collie, assorted canned goods, a mail order catalogue (summer reading), and a discarded bottle of eye wash (obtained when a flying object—no, not a saucer—hit me). If you will step into the cabin, sir, and don't tread on my collie, we will continue. Yes, that is a fireplace, a Heatilator that draws, too well. I served it faithfully all last winter, feeding it six or more cords of driftwood, stumps, slabwood, pitch pine, scrub oak, and, towards spring, anything which was loose and movable. Though you did not go into details, I know now, Henry, why you used a stove during your second winter at Walden. I expect to install an oil heater before the next frost comes. That little box perched above the fireplace is strange to you. It is a radio, true, only a battery model, but, by twisting a dial I can listen to all of the world, to be enlightened or amused, as I choose. It may look complicated to you but it works as simply as turning a door knob. The same can be said of the bottled gas stove in this corner. Cooking is as simple as moving a lever, but I fear you wouldn't approve. You liked to linger long hours over the open fire but you wrote about living the simple life. Poppycock, Henry, poppycock. On various ledges, sills, nooks, and hooks you will observe books, of course, a can of DDT, a box of cough drops, more empty peanut butter jars, a bottle of Nujol, an unused jar of assorted herbs, a mandolin, a typewriter, an oil lamp (it's the same, japanned), and a portrait of my wife (now summering in Alaska—wives are free and footloose, these days, Henry, but their lives are complicated). At least, I don't have the tapeworm, you say. Thanks, master.

But the woods remain unspoiled and this quiet cove has its loon. He arrived promptly, the first week of October, but left when the fall hunting season opened. He came back in late winter, though, along with the canvasbacks and the great swan. They stayed with me most of the March month.

Now, the summer visitors are arriving from the city with two weeks to squander. They all ask me the same question, "Aren't you lonely?" One day, experimentally, I answered, "I don't know." The lady looked at her husband. "He doesn't even know," she said, and there were tears in her eyes. I guess she thought that I was cracked (entirely).

But I was happier during the winter. There is something I see in people's eyes, today, a desperate look, particularly if they live in cities. My collie gets the same way around the Fourth of July. I don't suppose you could understand, Henry, and then, again, you might.

Truly,
GILBERT BYRON.



* * *

OLD STORY

Lying on the brown, crisp'd leaves
His fingers in her hair,
Eve asked Adam if he thought
As Lilith she was fair.

DORIS KLUDT.

* * *

PATTERN

To make a meter mosaic,
Start with feet that beat trochaic
Then blend a dactyl or two with the rest

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 219

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 219 will be found in the next issue.

LGP QHMAP, BWXPLJKJC

GPMHL DBPEFC

PAPHDRGPHP LK LGP

CJQLEP, SKTLHBABTN GPMF.

WMLLGPR MHTKEF—

PWXPFKSEPC KT PLTM

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 218

There is no adequate defense, except stupidity, against the impact of a new idea.

P. W. BRIDGMAN

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Switch the accent and change to a fresh anapest.
Who's following this diagram?
lamb.

DOROTHY B. GRISWOLD.

* * *

SUMMER

I can't act like a beadle
When all the birds go tweedle.
I don't feel like a bailiff
But rather like a caliph.
A world so full of song
Can't be entirely wrong.

DOVE DULCET.

* * *

BOY IN HIS ROOM

While the light of the stars
And the weary-headed wind
Kindly soothe his chipped bureau
And his cigarette-heated fingers:
Ideas, fidgeting rockily,
Leave deformed pin-lines on his brow
Temporarily.
(Like smoke a fast freight train leaves
Along the way pursued.)

And yet, his problems,
Fought fathomably,
Seem to be like swan feathers
Tossed into a middle-aged spider's web:
Bouncing back no solutions.

RICHARD GILLMAN.

* * *

CHILD'S PLAY

British Believe Us Childish, Study Shows.
—*Newspaper headline.*

We must confess the British view
Of us Americans is true.
Ours *is* the land of bubble gum
And yo-yos. Senators *do* strum
Guitars and sing hillbilly tunes,
While Klansmen bay at Southern moons.
Our comic strips and radio,
Especially commercials, show,
As do our screen and even stage,
A rather lowish mental age.

And yet look at us in relation
To almost any other nation:
Our childhood then seems far from worst,
It being, happily, our first,
While other peoples, older reckoned,
Act just as silly in their second.

RICHARD ARMOUR.

* * *

Happy holiday weekend to one and all . . .

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1L, 2G, 3J, 4N, 5B, 6K, 7M, 8D, 9A, 10H, 11E, 12O, 13F, 14I, 15C.

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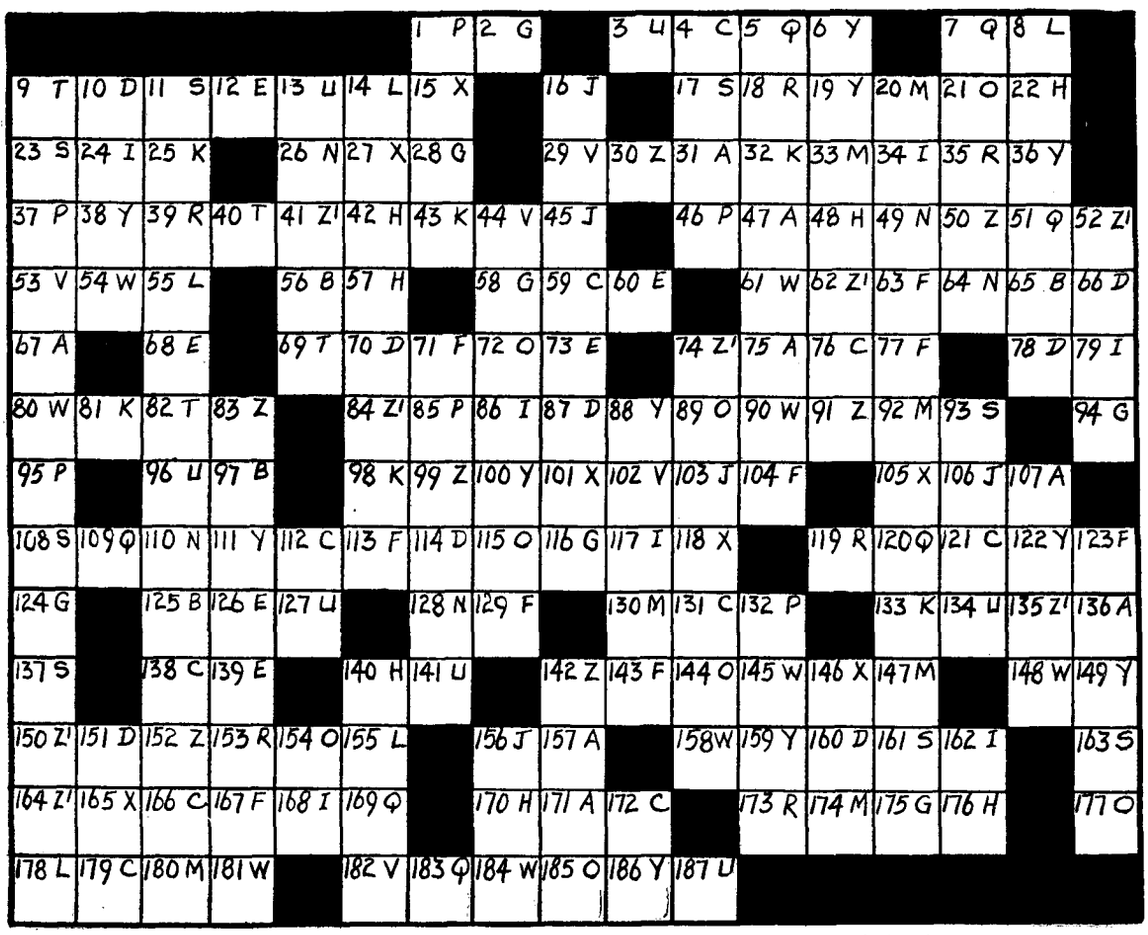
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Kind of riding breeches.	31 171 107 75 47 136 157 67
B. Tourist resort in Argyll Co., Scotland.	56 125 65 97
C. A padded strip of wood supporting the mallets at rest (Piano Mfg.; 2 wds.).	59 76 179 166 4 112 172 138 121 131
D. Emperor of Russia who provoked the Crimean War.	10 151 78 70 160 66 87 114
E. One of three main types of Negroes in Liberia.	73 12 126 60 139 68
F. Not appeased (Rare).	71 129 104 143 167 63 123 77 113
G. Architect of New York Times building and other noted structures.	2 116 28 124 94 58 175
H. Disreputable actions (Rare).	22 140 57 170 48 42 176
I. Heats, as glass, in order to fix laid-on colors.	79 86 117 34 24 168 162
J. The pecan (U.S.).	106 156 45 16 103
K. Daughter of Mohammed and Khadija.	133 98 81 43 25 32
L. Hades, or the god of that region (Roman Myth.).	8 155 14 178 55
M. Roman empress, wife of Nero, executed by his order.	130 33 147 180 20 92 174
N. Daughter of David and Maachah, and sister of Absalom (Bib.).	110 26 64 128 49
O. Anything capable of causing oblivion of grief or suffering.	72 89 144 21 185 115 177 154
P. Steward in "King Lear."	46 95 1 85 37 132
Q. Presbyterian minister who founded a college now Princeton University.	7 169 109 5 183 120 51
R. The hardest substance of the animal body.	153 35 119 39 18 173
S. Became quiet; ceased to rage.	11 161 17 93 108 137 163 23
T. A mortuary roll.	82 40 9 69
U. A nova (Astron.; 2 wds.).	141 13 3 187 127 96 134
V. A native deputy or viceroy in India; a man of great wealth.	44 29 182 53 102
W. Mountain range whose highest peak is Monte Corno, 9,585 ft.	61 158 148 90 181 184 54 145 80
X. A terra-cotta figurine from ancient Boeotia.	15 105 27 165 118 146 101
Y. Not softened or lessened.	38 149 122 159 36 100 186 19 6 111 88
Z. Sends back temporarily, as a prisoner.	83 142 99 50 152 30 91
Z¹. Tryingly severe in making demands.	41 164 135 84 74 52 62 150

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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RECORDINGS

for September, 1947

WITH THIS ISSUE, *SRL* inaugurates a regular new monthly supplement, RECORDINGS—a guide to the wide and fast-growing world of the disc.

Almost two years ago, *SRL* began the department The New Recordings, by Edward Tatnall Canby. The response to that department; the increasing identification between books and recordings in the cultural marketplace; the phenomenal growth of public interest in records—all these developments were behind the decision to provide *SRL* readers with what the editors hope will be the most reliable and comprehensive regular guide to recordings available anywhere.

Our high hopes for the new supplement are directly related to the fact that Irving Kolodin has joined the staff of *SRL* as editor of RECORDINGS. Mr. Kolodin's music and records criticism in the *New York Sun*, his book, "Guide to Recorded Music," and his periodical writings have given him high national standing in his field.

The next number of the RECORDINGS supplement will appear as part of the September 27 issue of *SRL*.

Impressions

BY REPUTABLE account, American recording began on the day in 1877 when Thomas Edison, bending over a crude cylinder, heard his own voice repeat to him "Mary Had a Little Lamb." It is not precisely to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of this event that RECORDINGS makes its appearance this month, but we may note a paradox. It is only a comparatively few months since "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and the literature of which it is a part have been added to the lore of the phonograph. Now it may be conceded that the phonograph industry has toured a full cycle and returned to its point of origin.

If there is anything along the way which has been omitted, the perceptive observer can make a business out of producing it. The priceless has long been the staple of the industry; for it was reasonable that if you couldn't sell Toscanini's Wagner, Walter's Beethoven or Horowitz's Chopin, what could you sell? Thomas Mann celebrated this miracle at considerable length in his "The Magic Mountain" and with an eloquence that requires no elaboration.

The addition of the commonplace to its catalogue of the priceless is final evidence of the phonograph's alliance with every level of contemporary life. Given an apparatus in working order, you may command it to song or speech, learning or leisure, inspiration or distraction. One may say, indeed, that amplification, magnification, distraction, and long derision are the principal reasons why Americans will buy 400,000,000 records this year, at a cost of more than $200,000,000.

Some of that quantity and part of the money found its way into the purchase of more than a million albums derived from "The Jolson Story." A lesser amount was spent on nearly 40,000 albums of Bach's "Goldberg Variations" as played by Wanda Landowska. But if a million albums of Jolson was possibly twice the amount that Decca expected to sell of its product, it is an unquestionable fact that 40,000 was *twenty times* the number of albums sold of Mme. Landowska's previous recording of the same "Goldberg Variations."

Twelve months ago, there were scarcely a handful of Americans to whom the name of Ferrucio Tagliavini had the slightest significance. As a consequence of his appearances at the Metropolitan and on the radio, his imported records from Italy—at a premium price of $3.25—have sold more than 35,000 copies since the first of the year. In this issue of RECORDINGS we note, for the first time, such a performer as Danny Kaye in the field of children's records, and Bing Crosby is back again. As an index to the stature and health of the record industry we would cite neither the amount of money spent nor the quantity of records produced, but merely, the contents of this first issue of RECORDINGS.

To deal with the prospect as it presents itself, we must take account of the concert hall and the night club, the theatre and the movies, the schoolroom and the laboratory in a resume of what is new, interesting, and worthwhile. We have not dictated those categories; they have imposed themselves on us as a function of the subject itself.

The terms are progressive in exclusiveness, increasing in importance. We shall deal with the new because it is unfamiliar; we shall dwell on the interesting, because it is provocative; and we shall enthuse about the worthwhile because we feel that is the surest way to bring about more that is new and interesting—possibly, also, worthwhile.

IRVING KOLODIN,
Editor, SRL *Recordings.*

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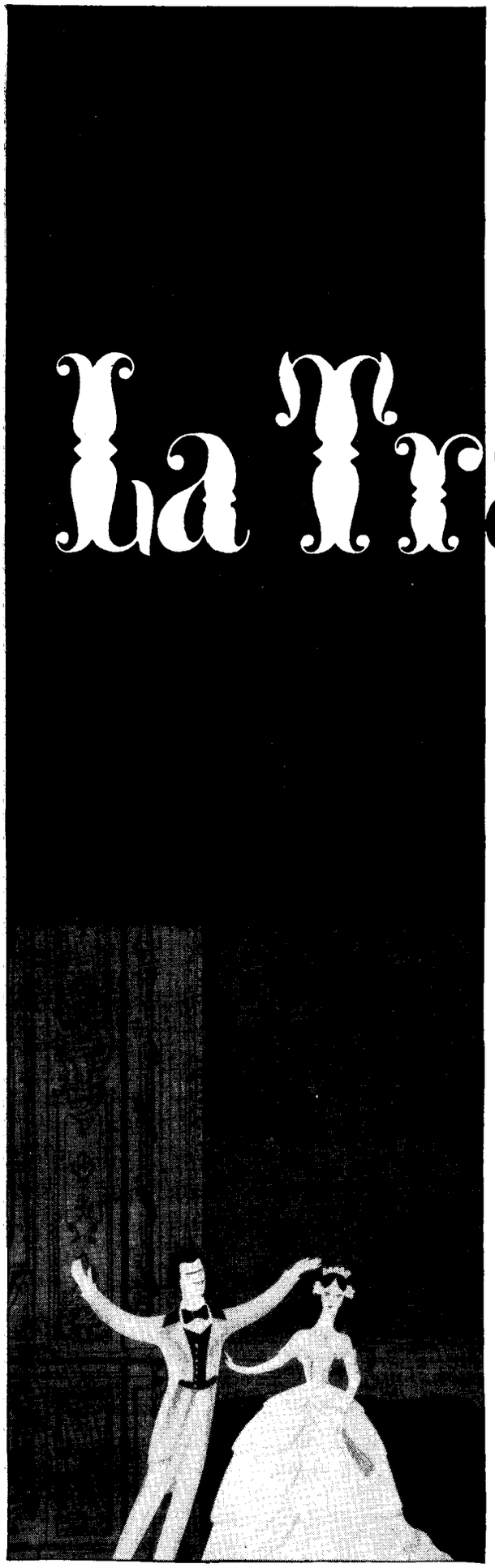

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—From "Salud: A South American Journal."

The Fame and Legend of VILLA-LOBOS

NICOLAS SLONIMSKY

EDITOR'S NOTE: RECORDINGS *is privileged to initiate its first issue with an appreciation and evaluation of the recorded works of Heitor Villa-Lobos, most gifted and, in many respects, most celebrated of composers in the lower half of the Western Hemisphere. This evaluation coincides with the release this month of two additions to the recorded literature of Villa-Lobos. It is heartening to learn that his "Bachianas Braisilieras No. 8" has become a best seller among classical records during August. Nicolas Slonimsky wrote this article out of his wide knowledge of Villa-Lobos. Conductor, musician, composer (not necessarily redundant), one-time musical secretary to Serge Koussevitzky, Slonimsky is author of a range of published works from "Music Since 1900" to "Music of Latin America."*

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS of Brazil is one of the most extraordinary figures in modern music. He is probably the most prolific composer of today; his output is variously estimated as comprising from five hundred to thirteen hundred separate works. The definite number cannot be established even by Villa-Lobos himself, for he is prodigal in rearranging and reissuing his works under different titles for different uses, as a ballet, an orchestral suite, or incidental music for theatre. According to a recent count, if all of his compositions were played without stopping it would take seventy-five hours and fifty-seven minutes.

But it is of course not the quantity but the quality of his music that is of arresting interest. Villa-Lobos is a musical individualist unrestrained by any preestablished code of esthetics. Any similarity between his music and that of Stravinsky or Debussy or Ravel is entirely coincidental. He had not heard a note of Stravinsky until he was forty, and at that time his own style was firmly established. That style is rooted in Brazilian folksong. When Villa-Lobos was asked: "What is folklore?" he replied, "I am folklore." And it is true that the melodies of Villa-Lobos carry the unmistakable flavor, now nostalgic, now childishly gay, of Brazilian popular music.

Outside of a few years in Paris, and two brief visits in the United States, Villa-Lobos has not absented himself for long from his native Brazil. His headquarters is Rio de Janeiro, where he composes, teaches a bevy of devoted pupils, and acts as the head of a nationwide educational music system. Every year, on Brazil's Independence Day, Villa-Lobos arranges a concert of Brazilian choral music with a chorus of school children—thousands of them seated in a huge circular auditorium. Villa-Lobos conducts this choral multitude from an elevated platform situated in the center of the stadium, waving not an ordinary baton, but a flag of Brazilian national colors.

With his love for the unusual and the spectacular, Villa-Lobos has made the musical front page many times. When he visited New York in 1942, he gave as a friendly salute a radio performance of his piece called "The New York Skyline," the theme of which was derived from a photograph of New York, with skyscrapers marking the high notes. In a similar manner, he makes "musical portraits" by transferring on the music staff the outline of a photograph or a drawing.

Notwithstanding the fame and legend that surround Villa-Lobos in his own country and elsewhere, his works are rarely performed. This is due to the great technical difficulties of most of his orchestral and instrumental music. This is also the reason why phonograph recordings of his works represent only a minute portion of his total output. Among the works of Villa-Lobos so far available on American records are two sets of "Bachianas Brasileiras," the amazing compositions in which Villa-Lobos treats Brazilian-inspired themes in the technique of Bach's counterpoint. (No. 1 for eight celli, Burle Marx conducting, V-17966-7; and No. 5, Bidu Sayao, soprano, with eight celli and double bass, Villa-Lobos conducting, C-71670.) Equally important in the creative catalogue of Villa-Lobos are his *Chôros,* named after a Brazilian rustic dance, and representing in Villa-Lobos usage a special form of Brazilian national music, written for any number of instruments, from guitar solo to an orchestra with chorus. Only *Chôros* bis, for violin and cello, has been recorded (in the album South American Chamber Music, C-437). Further available are the Nonet (V-17968-9); Quartet for women's voices with several instruments (V-17970); songs (five *Serestas, i.e.*, Brazilian serenades, sung by Jennie Tourel, with orchestral accompaniments, conducted by the composer, C-249X); an album of songs performed by the late Brazilian singer Elsie Houston (V, 17969); several piano pieces from the suite "Prole do Bébé" ("A Child's Family") performed by Artur Rubinstein (V-Set 970), and Guiomar Novaës (C-17355); and also one of the series of "Saudades das Selvas Brasileiras" (Reminiscences of Brazilian Jungles), played by Erno Balogh (Continental Set, A 103). Several other works by Villa-Lobos have been recorded in Brazil, but the quality of reproduction was so poor that the American recording companies who have attempted to reissue them in this country had to withdraw such records from sales.

Now come two new sets of Villa-Lobos: his String Quartet, No. 6, subtitled "Brasileiro," to indicate its Brazilian character, and played by the Stuyvesant Quartet, (V-301), and several piano pieces in an album played by Guiomar Novaës (C-692M). The Quartet, composed in 1938, is in a characteristically rhapsodic form, with sudden contrasts

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of nostalgia and gayety; there is an abundance of special instrumental effects, such as high harmonics, chordal accompaniment in guitar-like style, and a pervading rhythmic vivacity. The harmonic structure is also characteristic: pedal points in the bass; a songful melody in the mellow middle register, and crenelated melodic figuration in the treble. There are strange reminiscences of something heard elsewhere: suddenly we feel that the music may at any moment plunge into the "Polovtzian Dances"; or burst into the last movement of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto; or else slide into Stravinsky's "Berceuse" from "The Fire-Bird." However, these associations are deceptive. Villa-Lobos remains himself despite coincidental similarities.

The four movements of the Quartet are labeled *Poco Animato, Allegretto, Andante,* and *Allegro Vivace.*

The first movement is richly harmonic; the second is a lyrical invocation; the third is nostalgic, full of drooping chromatics, "more languid than yesterday's rose," to use Ovid's expressive phrase. The last movement is based on a cross-accented figure of three notes evolving into a lively dance movement. The Brazilian rhythms pervade the entire work, and the whole is set in succulent and acrid harmonies.

The performance and the recording are excellent, but one wishes that the annotator of the album would eschew the self-congratulatory mention that Villa-Lobos "told the players of his pleasure in the performance of the work, and presented them with an autographed picture of himself, inscribed with his congratulations." Composers, particularly those whose works are difficult to perform, are notoriously prone to effusive gratitude, and their heartfelt endorsements are seldom objective.

In the Columbia album of Brazilian piano pieces, Guiomar Novaës, the Brazilian pianist, regales us with minor pieces by Villa-Lobos, a toccata by Camargo Guarnieri, and a children's suite by Octavio Pinto, who in private life is the husband of Mme. Novaës. The only consequential music in the album is the group of Villa-Lobos, "Tres Marias," brilliant pianistic studies descriptive of three different tempers of childish fancy. Of lesser interest are the Brazilian melodies from an educational volume, "Practical Guide," compiled by Villa-Lobos for use in choral singing. These tunes are mostly nursery rhymes and carnival songs, too brief to leave an impression as piano pieces. They are arranged by Mme. Novaës in simple harmonies.

Camargo Guarnieri is the greatest talent among younger Brazilian composers, but his Toccata, an early work, included in the present album, does not represent him at his best. It is brilliant, but derivative; the reflections of Chopin's Etude No. 7, op. 10, and reminiscences of Scriabin, Ravel, and Prokofieff, are too obvious. As to the little suite by Octavio Pinto, which Mme. Novaës has, with embarrassing loyalty, included in the album, it cannot be put in the same category with Villa-Lobos and Guarnieri, and is moreover uninteresting from the purely pianistic standpoint. Mme. Novaës gives an equally brilliant performance for all these pieces.

It is a pity that the best among piano pieces by Villa-Lobos are still unavailable on American records. There is for instance the remarkable *Chôros* No. 5, subtitled "Alma Brasileria" (Brazilian Soul), a gem of creative imagination. There is the Chorale from the series No. 4 of "Bachianas Brasileiras," written in a marvelously sonorous if pseudo-contrapuntal style, with a touch of characteristic fancy provided by the recurrent high B flat, which Villa-Lobos says is the literal imitation of the cry of the araponga, the Brazilian jungle bird. There is the poignant "Plantio do Caboclo" (A Rustic's Lament) from his "Ciclo Brasileiro." When these little masterpieces of Brazilian music are finally recorded, time will come to tackle the most formidable of Villa-Lobos' piano works, "Rude-poema" (Rude Poem) described by the composer himself as the most difficult piece ever written for piano. But then Villa-Lobos is not familiar with the Concord Sonata by Charles Ives, which would probably win out in a contest for technical difficulties.

Pax Petrillo

AN EDITORIAL

WHILE a majority of Congress is engaged in the customary activities of officeholders in recess, one group of legislators will soon be moving back to Washington, to continue its inquiry into the affairs of the American Federation of Musicians. That means, of course, into the attitudes of its president, J. C. Petrillo. When they adjourned, it was under a threat by Petrillo to halt record-making when current contracts expire in December.

RECORDINGS, for rather obvious reasons, has more than an onlooker's interest in the subject, and in its object, too. Petrillo conducted a successful diversionary campaign of his own during the war, and doubtless feels his forces are ready for another skirmish. The question is: Can he enforce another capitulation all along the line, as he did after the siege of 1942-1944, to the terms of a new Pax Petrillo?

We doubt that such a settlement (even were it permissible under the Taft-Hartley law) could be so easily won. Foreign sources of records are again available, dollars are precious, and the presses of England, France, and Italy would eagerly work overtime to supplement our stock-piles for years to come.

If it is not irrelevant, one may point out that the record industry and the record consumer are not the culprits of the situation. His complaint, actually, is against the free use of records on the air and in juke boxes without profit to the original performers, at the expense (theoretically at least) of other, unemployed musicians. Therefore, he is going to "fold up" the record business again.

It is time for the lawmakers to go to the root of the evil, instead of attacking the harmless branches. It is time that legal recognition was given to the palpable fact that there is a property right in *re-creation*—when it is used for secondary profit—as there is a property right in creation.

Whether it is such a station a WQXR broadcasting a performance of Mahler by Bruno Walter, or a juke box exhaling Sinatra's "Tomorrow" at the bidding of a nickel, the value, to the listener, inheres no more in *what* is done than in *who* is doing it. Such a property right is recognized when a Crosby does his program from a transcription, and no one but the licensed network may distribute it; but it is not recognized when a commercial record by Crosby is used—to sell a hair tonic, a shoe polish, or a mortuary service.

Such laws as govern reproduction of printed matter or pictures were not God given, but evolved through successive stages in which a principal of equity was considered, evaluated, and sustained. The mechanical reproduction of a musical performance has created a property value in performance which demands protection. Such a tariff levied on the public use of a commercial record, divided between the performer and a musician's welfare fund, would not only create a new body of philanthropists, but might also yield a contented labor leader. In addition, it would relieve the record industry of a problem which is, literally, none of its business.

I. K.

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Putting "SPACE" into Opera Recordings

VIRGIL THOMSON

—*RCA Victor Records.*

Virgil Thomson, left, discusses some problems of recording his "Four Saints in Three Acts" with the singers.

NOW THAT opera recordings are in favor again, the recording companies are making a serious effort to give these the sound of real opera. The chief auditory characteristic of theatre music, as distinguished from concert music, is its space layout. The orchestra is in one place; the singers are in another; and the singers themselves are not necessarily bunched together downstage. They are all over the stage, and they move around. The problem in recording opera is therefore to create an illusion that the music heard comes from all over a stage and from a pit, when really it is all being emitted from one small sounding board in the record player.

The first necessity for producing this illusion is a general reverberation in the recording studio, a little bit of echo. This gives a feeling of space around the music. The second is a microphone arrangement whereby one instrument does most of the picking up, and this at some distance from the executants. Intimacy, or singing straight into the mike, must be avoided at all costs. The third requirement is a normal seating of singers and musicians so that both they and the conductor can hear the whole musical effect very much as in a real opera or oratorio performance. This helps the singers to blend together and to sing on pitch; and it enables the conductor to obtain correct musical balances, instead of having to depend on an engineer in the control room, a precarious procedure at best.

In some recent sessions at the Town Hall in New York during which I conducted recordings for RCA-Victor of my opera "Four Saints in Three Acts," I wasted a whole day trying to get a live result out of a chorus badly placed for making the hall vibrate, and an overclose mike set-up. The small chorus was louder than the big one. The soloists sounded as if they were all singing in different rooms. The orchestra seemed to be playing next door in a barn. And everybody sang off-pitch. Everything we did gave an effect of small studio work. There was no theatre in the sound of it.

The next day we rearranged everything. I massed the chorus at the back of the stage, stood the soloists in front of them, and spread the orchestra out, just as if we were giving a real performance. The microphones were massed in the hall just a little under and in front of the balcony, except for one placed high on the stage, which was used for picking up choral diction. Orchestra, soloists, and most of the choral sounds were recorded as an ensemble through the microphone out front.

The improvement was miraculous. Playing and singing straight into the house set the whole acoustical hollow of the house vibrating. Sound came back to the stage enriched, giving the singers support and confidence. Their voices took on an added resonance from the general reverberation; and they stopped singing off pitch, because they could at all times hear the harmony. As a result we worked well and happily, recording ten twelve-inch sides in seven hours.

The playbacks delighted everybody. The music had taken on brilliance and some of the objective quality of a real opera performance. There was no intimacy, no smallness, no effect of chamber music or of crooning. Neither was there any cavernous echo. The auditory illusion was that of a theatre with people in it.

The advantages of recording opera in resonant halls are well known. So are those of over-all microphoning for huge ensembles. As a conductor, I had been aware of the necessity for disposing one's musical forces about the stage in such a way that one can hear the same balances that are being recorded on the disc. What I had not realized previously is the value to the executive musicians themselves, particularly to the singers, of a resonant acoustical platform or layout.

Nobody can sing in pitch, can harmonize correctly with instruments or with other voices, unless he can hear these fully. He cannot even produce a full and beautiful solo tone unless he can hear the sound of this coming back to him as he sings. Unless a singer can hear the reflected sound of his own voice, he will right off begin either to bellow or to croon. When he can hear it, and also that of the other ensemble instruments, he will make a lovely tone, and he will blend this with whatever is going on around him. When everybody does this, the result is good ensemble work.

Any musician will sing on pitch, moreover, when his timbre is blended with that of others. Because there is no such thing as abstractly correct pitch in ensemble music. There is only harmony. And harmony, in execution, is a blending of sounds, a spontaneous adjustment that takes place only when musicians are able to hear both themselves and one another.

To sum up, the best results in opera recordings seem to be obtained by producing in the recording hall a performance that resembles as closely as possible, as to sound, a real performance. Only through the use of such straightforward means does there seem to be a fair certainty of evoking in the listener's mind something that will resemble, as to sound, a real performance.

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"Music for Use"

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

THE RECENT recording by Ruggiero Ricci of two Hindemith violin sonatas, one unaccompanied, the other with piano (Vox album 603, $3), brings to mind some interesting aspects of Hindemith's career and his present impact on the music of this country. Both of these works require a thoroughly professional technique for performance, but both radiate the simplicity and directness of expression, the non-partisan appeal to all musicians that are the badge of Hindemith's personality and his work.

What was this pre-Nazi art that Hindemith brought with him to America in 1939, which has continued to be a strong element in his music and in his many musical activities here? It can be found in any primer of music appreciation summed up as *gebrauchsmusik*—"music for use." It is music written not according to the nineteenth-century precept of high, untrammeled inspiration; but viewing music as a craft, whose art—as in the period of Bach and Handel—consisted of adapting it to any specific tasks at hand.

One of the most friendly souls in the musical world, Hindemith has always had an enthusiastic interest in raising the standards of amateur performance. He has carried this into his work in America, actively backing such performance of practical music from the fourteenth century and before. His philosophic position was summed up in a statement of 1927, with these famous words:

> It is to be regretted that . . . so little relationship exists today between the producers and the consumers of music. A composer should compose today only if he knows for what purpose he is writing. The days of composing for the sake of composing are perhaps gone forever. On the other hand the demand for music is so great that composer and consumer ought most emphatically to come at last to an understanding.

It is not hard to see why there has been a lack of understanding here for music as Hindemith conceives it. Music here is primarily a virtuoso entertainment by the few, the professionals, for the many, the passive listeners. Music suffers from the Hollywood technique of magnificence; the music industry exists because we are listeners, not performers; we have not learned that, *given the right music,* that latent gift which is in all of us can also "give," can produce.

Paul Hindemith: "The days of composing for the sake of composing are perhaps gone forever."

Or, for that matter, as it was conceived long before his time. Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms all wrote music of the highest quality and of the simplest execution specifically for amateur and semi-amateur groups. There is, in the society which produced them, a long tradition of home performance of music, based largely on the old and beloved folk songs, the chorales of the Lutheran church which never ceased to live, even in the heyday of high Romanticism. Few German composers have felt that such writing — the short choruses, the four-handed piano music, the part songs based on old hymns—were less serious a part of their output than the largest symphonies. They knew the truism that simplicity may be more elusive than complexity.

But today is the period of dissonance. How is one to write simply, for amateur performance, not imitating older masters? We in America have that problem, too, to solve. Our best composers of simple music have either gone "old fashioned," or have turned to folk music without assimilating it into the traditions of Western music which are our traditions also. But Hindemith's German predecessors in the Twenties produced a contemporary style, little known here, which was dissonant and modern, yet stemmed directly from the old and still flourishing German tradition. The more one looks at these little pocket books, familiar in pre-war Germany, the clearer it is that the average German or Austrian found them an adequate contemporary literature to supplement the old.

It is on this clear, linear, dissonant counterpoint, so little known here, that Hindemith founded his own familiar style of writing. His music, even the most complex and difficult, is but an extension of that music of the Twenties, which he, of course, helped found. Hindemith was one of the few who succeeded actually in unifying the amateur and the professional, the layman and the virtuoso. There is, in truth, but one Hindemith style, one general level of endeavor which includes alike his largest and most elaborate works, the simplest and shortest bits for beginners.

In his work here Hindemith has sought to teach and to live the musical attitudes of his youth, and they are beginning to affect strongly our national musical life. Three factors are necessary for its success, if it is to help break down the barriers between professional and amateur that plague this country's music. First, the amateur must be much better grounded in the fundamentals of musicianship, of the living language of music. Ear training is an especial emphasis of the Hindemith training, a detail in which very many professional musicians are deficient. Second, both groups should be better acquainted with the power and beauty of simple, economical music of all times, and must learn to perform it well. Third and most significant, the young American composer must be persuaded of the respectability of the best amateur performance, convinced of the beauty that can be found in simplicity, encouraged to write his music—his very best "music for use" —not for symphony orchestras, radio, opera, but for the use of the people.

IT WILL be long, no doubt, before we in America can have, understand, and enjoy a true *gebrauchsmusik* of our own, as Hindemith envisions it. The virtuoso tradition, the commercial music dispensing industry is too much a part of our lives to be easily uprooted. Yet Hindemith may win out in the end. By his own example he continues to show us there is no reason at all why all music should not be "music for use," be it easy or intermediate or difficult, and all of one quality as far as it is humanly possible to make it so.

The two Hindemith sonatas of the present Ricci album, even though they come from a superb virtuoso of the violin, though they are recorded strictly as music for listening, still manage somehow to radiate that confidence in the musical understanding of the enlightened amateur which is Hindemith's hope for the future.

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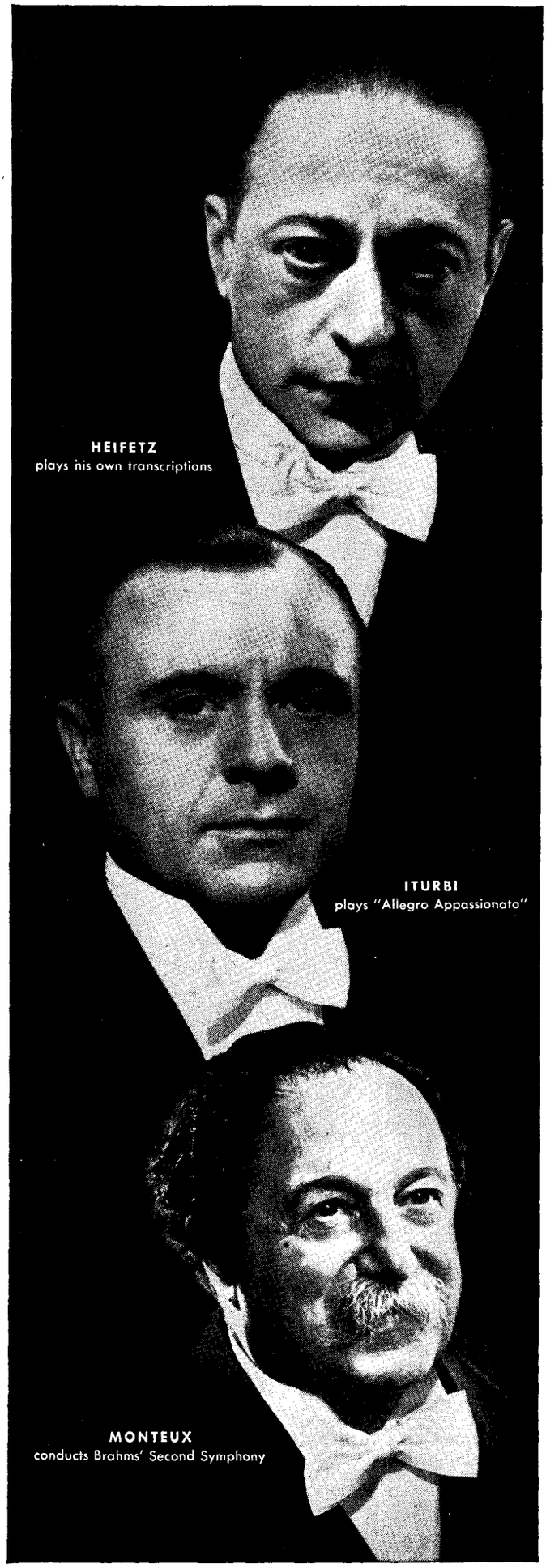

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William Kapell, Pianist: *Concerto No. 2, in B-Flat*, Op. 19—Beethoven. With the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Golschmann, Conductor. M/DM-1132, $4.85.

William Primrose, Violist: *Concerto in B Minor*—Handel. With the RCA Victor Orchestra, Frieder Weissmann, Conductor. Album M/DM-1131, $3.85.

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How Bands Are Made

EDDIE CONDON

EDITOR'S NOTE: Few jazz musicians have had the good fortune to have so interesting a story to tell as Eddie Condon, erstwhile banjo-player and famous as an entrepreneur of jazz in the concert hall, or to have it so well told as Tom Sugrue has done in the forthcoming "We Called It Music: A Generation of Jazz," which Henry Holt & Co. will publish October 20. In this preview, RECORDINGS presents an eye-witness account of the fabled session which introduced Condon, Bud Freeman, Joe Sullivan, Frank Teschmacher, Jimmy McPartland, and Gene Krupa to discs. It is a notable documentation of one of the most famous jazz records ever made.

It finds Condon halfway along the trail which began in Goodland, Indiana, in 1904, and has led him along ways which the volume describes in lively detail to his current eminence in the art, as proprietor of his own establishment on New York's West Third Street. Here he dispenses, along with food and liquor, the kind of music which makes *Americondon* more than a press agent's inspiration. Teschmacher was the victim of an auto accident in Chicago a dozen years ago, McPartland and Lannigan have faded from the scene, and Krupa has gone on to glory with his own band. But Freeman is often on hand, along with Sullivan and Condon. And each is still "knitting from his own ball of yarn."

The record referred to above, incidentally, may soon reappear on the market. Meanwhile there are two Condon albums now available—"George Gershwin Concert" (Decca 398) and "Jazz Concert at Eddie Condon's" (Decca 409)—with another in preparation.

ONE NIGHT in 1926 Red McKenzie, the St. Louis ex-jockey, dropped in at the Three Deuces. He was in town scouting talent for the Mound City Blue Blowers. They had toured the country and been to England since making their first hit record in 1924. Red was still singing and blowing through a comb. He listened to our conversation for a while, then turned to me. He looked like a mad bartender.

"Say, kid," he said, "you're running down some pretty good guys—Red Nichols and his Five Pennies. Do you pop off for exercise or does it help you to breathe?"

"We're talking about music," I said, "not about guys. We don't care who the player is, it's what he plays."

"What's the matter with those Nichols records?"

"The music is arranged," I said. "Jazz can't be scored."

Red lowered one eye. "You talk big, kid," he said. "What do you do?"

"I play the banjo and mind my own business. Why don't you try it?"

"You can't be doing so good, not with those funny clothes you're wearing. Where did you catch them, on the other side of the wringer?"

"I'm playing with Louis Panico. When I have to ride a horse I'll dress like you."

"So you don't like that music Nichols plays. Do you know anybody who can play half as good?"

"I know a dozen guys who can play twice as good. If you don't agree when you hear them play I'll shut up and buy you a horse so you won't look so silly walking around in that suit."

"Where can I hear them?"

"At my apartment in the Lincoln Park West Hotel tomorrow afternoon."

"The Lincoln Park West Hotel? So you're a Gold Coaster! Does your old man let you clip your own coupons?"

"I'll expect you at five o'clock. Come formal. Wear shoes."

I rounded up Tesch, Bud, Jimmy MacPartland, Lannigan, Sullivan, and Gene Krupa. The next afternoon McKenzie heard us drop a rock on "Nobody's Sweetheart."

Eddie Condon: "The public would understand what we were trying to do. . . ."

"You win, kid," he said. "I'm going to get you a record date with Tommy Rockwell of Okeh. He's in town for two weeks. I'll see him tomorrow. This band is as hot as a cheap sidewalk on August 15."

"You know Rockwell?" I said.

"Who do you suppose pulled Bix and Frankie Trumbauer out of Goldkette's band in New York to make those Okeh records?"

"Red Nichols?"

"McKenzie. I'll call you tomorrow. Try to learn English in case you meet Rockwell."

HE LEFT. The guys in the band blinked and looked at me. "Is he on the level?" Bud asked. "I don't know," I said. "He's a gruff mick but he knows music—he liked us. Maybe he'll do something." Tesch got dreamy-eyed. "Gee," he said, "maybe we'll get on records. Then we'll be famous." "Let's practise some numbers," Jimmy MacPartland suggested, "in case we get a date."

What McKenzie told Rockwell I'll never know, but it worked. In New York Bix had made some records for Okeh—"At the Jazz Band Ball," "Jazz Me Blues," and "Goose Pimples." McKenzie had sold the idea to Rockwell; the men were hand picked—Bill Rank on trombone, Don Murray on clarinet, Adrian Rollini on bass saxophone, Frankie Signorelli on piano, Howdy Quicksell on banjo, and Chauncey Moorehouse on drums. The records, to Rockwell's surprise, were successful. "I told him you guys were just like that mob in New York," McKenzie said when he called up. "Here's the date—he had to cancel something else to put it in so be there on time and be good—December 9 at ten in the morning. What's the name of the band?"

"It hasn't any name," I said. "The only time it ever played together was for you."

"Then it's your band, kid. Stick your name on it."

"No, it's your band," I said. "I got it together so you could listen."

There was a moment of silence, indicating thought.

"The McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans," McKenzie said.

"Fine," I said. "Tell that to Rockwell. We'll be there at ten o'clock next Friday."

We decided on our numbers—"China Boy" and "Sugar," the latter in honor of Bix and also for Ethel Waters, who had made a record of it which I played for breakfast. We

(*Continued on page* 22)

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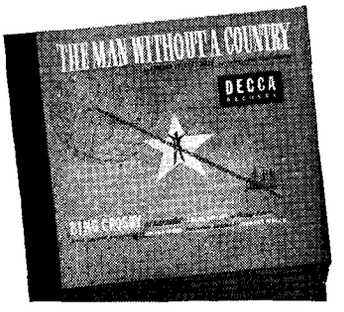

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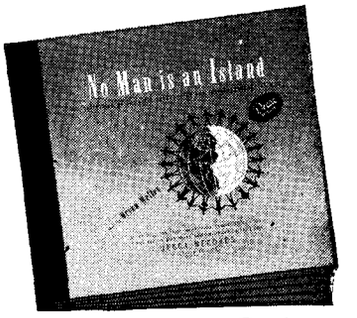

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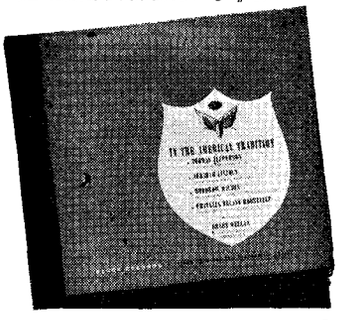

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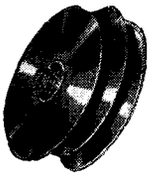

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Reviews of the Month

IRVING KOLODIN

HEIFETZ vs. BACH

BACH: *Concerto in D minor for two violins, both parts played by Jascha Heifetz, with Franz Waxman conducting a string orchestra.* (Victor album 1136, $2.85).

Certainly it would be desirable to have a violinist of Heifetz's quality as his partner in the playing of any concerted work. But it is hardly so obvious that it should be, as well, a violinist of Heifetz's *qualities*—identical in tone and accent, phraseology and concept. Relative to this particular work, one Heifetz is a little unwelcome, let alone two.

Engineeringwise, it is a remarkable job, even if not so unprecedented as claimed. Artie Shaw and Sidney Bechet have done similar feats on jazz discs, and the Red Seal catalogue itself contains a duet from "Hansel and Gretel" in which Elisabeth Schumann is her own partner. It all began, like so many other things, in Hollywood years ago, in "The Devil and Daniel Webster"; Bernard Herrmann wrote a five-part piece for Scratch's fiddle which was all played by one violinist; and Nelson Eddy recently sang all the parts of an operatic ensemble in "Make Mine Music."

Here, however, the playback technique imposes rigidity and lifelessness on the performance, since whichever part was recorded first — it varies from side to side—is a master pattern from which the other must not deviate. Because of the intermediate steps, from film to lacquer to processed record, the final sound is below the current RCA average. It somehow lacks contemporary depth and spaciousness of the sort that would be achieved, say, in Carnegie Hall under ordinarily normal conditions.

Aside from the artistic schizophrenia involved, the performance is dulled by the inconsequential conducting of Franz Waxman, reducing to a tertiary place the integral orchestral part. And, for a final detail, the Bach style of Heifetz, with its ornate swoops and florid slides, is much below the best to which a record listener is accustomed—the outmoded, honest performance of Szigeti and Flesch, the roughly rugged one of Menuhin and Enesco, or the current best-available by Adolph Busch and Frances Magnes.

BRICE and BACH

BACH: *Sacred Arias, by Carol Brice, alto; with the Columbia Broadcasting Concert Orchestra directed by Daniel Saidenberg.* (Columbia album MX-283, $3.)

More legitimate Bach, noble in style, elevated in understanding may be heard from the fine young alto Carol Brice. As in her preceding "Songs of a Wayfarer" (Mahler), Miss Brice has almost too much voice for her comparative artistic inexperience; but that is a kind of handicap which we may bear cheerfully. In her singing of the "Agnus Dei" and "Qui Sedes" from the "B minor Mass," and the "Esurientes Implevit Bonus" and "Et Exsultavit" from the "Magnificat," Miss Brice is working precious material with tools beautifully suitable to it—her superbly smooth and even-textured voice, her innate intelligence and musicianship.

Those who contend that the "grosse Bach" of the big church music is not for them should note the gaiety and vivacious charm of "Esurientes Implevit Bonus," with its jaunty solo for two flutes. It is, in a way, an even livelier counterpart of "Sheep May Safely Graze" which has so greatly impressed the world that pianists play it in recital programs. The well-recorded orchestra is directed by Daniel Saidenberg, who doesn't work them nearly as hard as he might. It does not blemish the album, but it is hardly up to Miss Brice's exacting requirements of herself.

ROSSINI REVIVED

ROSSINI: OPERATIC ARIAS *by Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra directed by Pietro Cimara.* (Columbia album M-691, $4.)

Like the left-handed catcher, the mezzo-soprano or alto who can sing florid music has passed from the scene in these post-McKinley days. Such rare exceptions as Conchita Supervia and Sigrid Onegin illustrated to the last generation that it is no physical impossibility to develop such skill, but the developing of it is a task most singers of the present prefer not to attempt.

Jennie Tourel, however, is one among the younger vocalists who sees her art in the round, and she has worked hard enough at it to challenge some mighty names in her album of Rossini arias. Surprising as it may be to present-day opera goers, the vocal acrobats of a hundred years ago were not the lithe soprani, but the weightier altos. All soprani sang florid music as a matter of course—it is only in recent times that the age of specialization has separated dramatics from lyrics, coloraturas from *hochdrammitische.*

—*RCA Victor Records.*

". . . one Heifetz is a little unwelcome, let alone two."

Thus, Tourel has revived something of the atmosphere of the original Rosina in "Barber of Seville"—for one—but not all of it. She sings "Una Voce Poca Fa" in a lower key than is customary today, and sings it very well indeed—fluently, musically, intelligently. But it should be noted, too, that in calling Miss Tourel a "mezzo soprano" more than a little liberty is taken with the language. To my ear, she is more soprano than mezzo, and it is scarcely so great a feat for her to wind her lighter tones in and out of the patterns Rossini devised as it would be, say, for Miss Brice, a true alto.

So much has been done with Rossini's music to suit it to one singer or another that one can scarcely scorn Miss Tourel for adjusting "Nacqui all 'Affano" (from "Cenerentola") to her limited low tones. One may say, in any case, that there is pleasure between the florid passages as well as in those alone, which is the average accomplishment of the bird-voiced belles of the current operatic scene. Thus, if this is not a re-creation of the authentic Rossini, it is thoroughly pleasant listening for its own sake, as well as an evidence of how much music there is in these patterns, given the will to find it. Pure, well-balanced recording of Miss Tourel's voice and the admirable orchestral accompaniments directed by Pierto Cimara may be gratefully noted.

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Toscanini's Wagner

WAGNER: *Siegfried Idyll, Faust Overture and Ride of the Valkyries. Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra.* (Victor album M-1135, $5).

PROBABLY no woman will ever again receive as beautiful a tribute for having crowned a man's life with her love, as my grandmother Cosima received in commemoration of my father's birth and her subsequent marriage to Wagner in 1870. The happiness she brought to him was as perfect as this piece of music—the "Siegfried Idyll"—which strikes the most tender and sacred chords in my heart. For this is the only music written by Wagner which "belongs" to his family first, to the music-loving world second.

The combination of Wagner's music and Toscanini's conducting has been unmatched for decades. In the present instance, the combination is extremely interesting, for in a little more than thirty minutes we hear Wagnerian works that are fifteen and thirty years apart in their creation. The superb orchestra as well as the modern recording technique help to make this a genuine musical feast.

I do not know of anyone whom I would rather hear conduct the "Siegfried Idyll" than Arturo Toscanini. The performance recalls to me many things—a bewildered child hearing him conduct it for the first time as a memorial for my father's death seventeen years ago; my defiance of a dictator's orders eight years later to steal across the Swiss border and to "Tribschen" (where the work was written) to hear him play it on a family anniversary; the feeling of home restored to me when I heard him perform it shortly after I arrived in this country.

"A Faust Overture," written in Paris in 1840, was revised many years later, for Wagner felt that the overture was good enough music to last, though not in its early version. Among contemporaries, Toscanini performs it most frequently, and a recorded version has been anticipated for many years.

The flashes of later Wagner (the "Dutchman" and "Lohengrin" especially) make this tabloid music-drama well deserving of his attention. Faust—or shall we call him Humanity?—with his quest for knowledge, desire for eternal youth, pact with the devil and longing for Gretchen, are all packed into this stirring music. As in almost every one of Wagner's music-dramas, this short piece ends on a promise of redemption. For me the present performance is a little disappointing, for it has a little too much torture, too little redemption. I am afraid spontaneity was sacrificed for technical perfection.

As for the "Ride of the Valkyries"—it sounds to this listener as if Maestro Toscanini were conducting with a jet-propelled baton, and Wotan's daughters had decided to mount rockets instead of mere horses with supernatural powers. It is a merry chase, the tempo exaggerated, but at all times the heavily orchestrated score is reproduced with amazing transparency.

The non-Wagnerian "concert ending" sounds like a crash-landing of the Valhalla-bound party of battle-maidens, horses and dead heroes on Bruennhilda's famous rock. I only wish Toscanini had not used this poor-sounding anti-climax, for there is a perfectly natural ending just before. In any case, the album, both for Wagner-lovers and Toscanini-fans, is a must. FRIEDELIND WAGNER.

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Recordings *Reports on Current Releases*

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Adam: Giselle. Constant Lambert and Covent Garden Orch. Columbia MX-277, $2.85	Tolerable enough, especially if it evokes the ballet tragedy for the listener. Beautiful playing by the orchestra under Lambert, and a suave recording of string tone.
Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 in F. Boyd Neel conducting string orch. with George Eskdale, trumpet. Decca ED-A27, $5	A retake, better recorded, of Eskdale's fine trumpet-playing with the Busch Chamber Players. The associated soloists (Arthur Cleghorn, flute, and Evelyn Rothwell, oboe) are also first class.
Blitzstein: Airborne. New York City Symphony conducted by Leonard Bernstein, with Charles Holland, tenor, Walter Scheff, baritone, and RCA Chorale. Victor M-1117, $8	Not nearly so effective on records as in the concert hall. Narration (Robert Shaw) is over-dramatic and sustained ear interest—nearly an hour and a half of it—is lacking. A number of excellent spots would have been preferable as excerpts. Bernstein leads vigorously, and Holland, in particular, sings well. Big, resonant recording
Debussy: Sonata No. 3. Zino Francescatti, violin, and Robert Casadesus, piano. Columbia MX-280, $2.85	The same work as previously recorded by Szigeti and Földes, Elman and Mittmann; but this is a better team than either of those. Wonderfully homogeneous style, bright recorded quality. Ravel's "Berceuse Sur le Vom de Faure" is fourth-side choice, and a good one.
Dukas: Sorcerer's Apprentice. Eugene Ormandy and Philadelphia Orch. Columbia No. 12584D, $1 Enrique Jorda and the National Symphony Orch. Decca ED-16, $5	Ormandy's version is Toscanini-tempo (2 twelve-inch sides) meaning too fast for this music. Jorda has the extra side, but the recording is more impressive than the conception it reproduces. A start-off, then, with neither very desirable. Debussy's "Demoiselle Eluie" prelude on fourth side.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 1. Erich Leinsdorf and Cleveland Orch. Columbia M-687, $6	A work of Dvorak's Schubert-Smetana period, charming if unoriginal. Good robust playing, but the old Talich for Victor is preferable where found.
Franck: Psyche, Chausseur Maudit. Desire Defauw and Chicago Symphony. Victor M-1122, $5	Soaring, well-paced performances of two rarely-played Franck items, both first domestic recordings. A welcome change from the symphony, and in some respects, more meaningful music. Defauw has the keenest of sympathy for this material, and the recording is excellent.
Glazounow: Raymonda excerpts. Arthur Fiedler and Boston "Pops" Orch. Victor M-1133, $5	The waltz is listenable, but what about the other nine sides? Good for the aspiring ballerina perhaps. No fault of Fiedler, who does lively job. Recording shrills a little.
Liszt: Mephisto Waltz. Artur Rodzinski conducting New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orch. Columbia MX-281, $2.85	The "new" Philharmonic is the hero of this dazzling exploit, playing with fine brilliances and precision. Rodzinski is not much behind Koussevitzky as a satanic waltzer, and the present reproduction is a fair match for the older Boston.
Mahler: Symphony No. 2. Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Orch. with Twin City Chorus. Victor M-256, $12	The original issue of the '30s, reinstated in the catalogue.
Mendelssohn: Variations Serieuses; Songs without Words (Opus 67, No. 5; Opus 62, No. 1); Wedding March and Variations. Vladimir Horowitz, piano. Victor M-1121, $4	Some of the best recorded Horowitz, ranging from varicolored poetry, in the unjustly neglected variations, to head-long virtuosity in the Wedding March. At moments the piano sounds like nothing more than metal and wood, but that is not without relation to the Horowitz tone.
Menotti: Sebastian Ballet Dmitri Mitropoulos and the Robin Hood Dell Orch. Columbia MX-278, $2.85	An oddity among current ballet scores, for it can be enjoyed without reference to its origin. Well-suited to Mitropoulos, who commands the Dellmen to a fine effort. Fine, sonorous recording.
Prokofieff: Romeo and Juliet Second Ballet Suite. Serge Koussevitzky and Boston Symphony. Victor M1129, $3	Minor Prokofieff, well played by one of his first American friends. Much superior, as performance and recording to Russian-made predecessor sold here by Disc.
Ravel: Daphnis et Chloe (both suites). Charles Münch and Paris Conservatory Orch. Decca ED-29, $7	Quite the outstanding English Decca set, for here is a remarkable interpretation given the benefit of their startling Ffrr technique. Moreover, the first suite has not been included in American recordings.
Schumann: Symphony No. 4. Eugene Goossens and Cincinnati Symphony Orch. Victor M-1124, $5	Fine alert performance, lacking some of the subtleties of previous standard one by Bruno Walter. Far superior to it as sounding likeness of the music.
Strauss: Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Fritz Reiner directing Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Columbia M-693, $6	Enjoyable stuff especially if you visualize M. Jourdain as you listen. Can't say much for Reiner's treatment of Strauss-arranged Lully minuet, ponderously slow. Excellent recording.
Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 2 Shura Cherkassky, piano with Santa Monica Symphony directed by Jacques Rachmilovich. Concert Hall Society, AM $9	Shallow, overbright recording is the bane of this undertaking. Cherkassky is solid enough for the music, and the orchestra is good. Noisy master makes noisy plastic disk.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 Leopold Stokowski conducting Hollywood Bowl Symphony. Victor M-1105, $7	Magnificent reproduction of an erratic, sometimes impressive, more often vapid performance. Where is the Furtwängler?
Wagner: Vocal excerpts: Lohengrin ("Farewell" and "Grail Narrative"), Tannhäuser (Rome Narrative); Meistersinger ("Probelied" and "Prize Song"); Parsifal ("Nur Eine Waffe"). Torsten Ralf, tenor, with Metropolitan Opera Orch. directed by Fritz Busch. Columbia Album 634, $4.85	All of these have been recorded by Melchior with more effect and tonal splendor than they are heard here from Ralf. The Tannhäuser excerpt is the most successful of the lot, but the accolade is distinctly a relative one. Moreover, Busch's authoritative work with the orchestra, which is worth hearing is subordinated to the singer, who isn't.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

THE past year has brought in some foreign recordings which have been unavailable or extremely difficult to obtain during the war. From England, France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, and Russia, we have increasing evidence of the gradual resurgence of European music. The artists and organizations represented on these discs are often of the highest quality and artistic integrity, though many of them are little known in this country.

These records can be played on any domestically manufactured set. For the discriminating record collector, all too often frustrated by the standard repertory of many major record companies here, and for the true musician, anxious to own records representing the composer's intentions (untainted by the star system) foreign records represent a precious source.

As a general rule, these records are available in larger record stores in many major American cities. The price is somewhat higher than that of domestic discs ($1.75 for Ultraphon 12-inch discs to $3.25 for Cetras), but the technical excellence of the recording and pressing alone is worth the difference. A full dynamic range, excellent definition, and fine surfaces are characteristics of most imported records. In comparison with many domestic products, the average import usually has a full treble and full bass, important factors if you have equipment with a full frequency range.

* * *

THE Ultraphon records which have been imported recently from Czechoslovakia are one of the biggest bonanzas available to the record collector today. Ultraphon is a subsidiary of the German Telefunken firm, whose records were technically as good as the best, and many pressings of Telefunken masters are to be had on Ultraphon labels. In addition, Ultraphon's own recordings of Czech artists and orchestras are not a whit less excellent than those of the mother firm. The highs are there but not driven too hard as in the case of some other foreign records. Consequently, on a high fidelity set, the listener may hear some of the most breathtakingly realistic reproduction of orchestral sound ever waxed. The surfaces are superb and the prices low.

Bedrich Smetana is known in this country largely by three works: the tone poem "The Moldau;" the quartet "From my Life," and various excerpts from the opera "The Bartered Bride," which occasionally turns up at the Met in a butchered English translation. For those whose curiosity has been heightened by these works, much else has been recorded to broaden the somewhat limited recorded repertory of this composer. The chief feat of Ultraphone is a complete recording of the cycle of tone poems, "My Country," of which only "The Moldau" is customarily heard either in concerts or on records. This work consists of five sections: "The High Castle," "The Moldau," "From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests," "Tabor," and "Blanik." These are beautifully performed by the Czech Broadcasting Orchestra conducted by Otakar Jeremias (Ultraphon G-12535/44, ten 12-inch records). Comparison with the earlier H.M.V. set, now unavailable, is impossible except for the two sections "The Moldau" and "From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests," both of which appeared in this country in Victor set M 523 (three 12-inch records). As a whole, I prefer the interpretation of Rafael Kubelik in the Victor set—his "Moldau" almost shimmers in the sound-picture—but the Czech Broadcasting Orchestra is very fine and Jeremias is competent.

Another Smetana item well worth investigation is the Ultraphone album of the tone poems: "Richard III," Op. 11; Wallenstein's "Camp," Op. 14; and "Hakon Jarl," Op. 16, rarely heard in this country. They are excellently performed by the Czech Philharmonic under the direction of Rafael Kubelik. (Ultraphone G 14050/5, six 12-inch records). I might also recommend "The Czech Song"—Cantata for Mixed Voices and Orchestra performed by the Czech Broadcasting Orchestra conducted by Jeremias with the Hlahol Chorus. (Ultraphon G 12520/1, two 12-inch records).

The standard performance of Paul Hindemith's great work "Mathis der Mahler," so long unavailable on Telefunken, is being pressed on Ultraphon Labels (Berlin Philharmonic, conducted by the composer, on Ultraphon F-1438618, three 12-inch records). This is infinitely superior to the domestic alternative.

E. L. DEGOLYER, JR.

"Shh! Baby's cutting his first record."

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SCRATCHING *the* SURFACE

WITH OSCAR LEVANT

HOLLYWOOD.

FILMS and the record industry, which are supposed to be each's greatest gift to the other, occasionally come upon cross currents, getting into each other's air. Consider the forthcoming "Song of Love," in which Katharine Hepburn is Clara to Paul Henreid's Robert Schumann, for which MGM paid Artur Rubinstein one of the prettiest pennies in movie history to record the sound track of Schumann, Brahms, and Liszt.

Inevitably, one of the important by-products of the picture and its exploitation will be an album of records. Since Rubinstein is an RCA-Victor artist of long standing, his performances will be released by them. But MGM, which has spent several million dollars setting up its own record business in order to take advantage of such "tie-ins," naturally intends to profit from that publicity also.

They have engaged Menahem Pressler, young Palestinian pianist, to record the same music as Rubinstein plays in the film, for simultaneous release with the picture! Meanwhile, Pressler's managers state "the first dates of Pressler's concert tour will coincide with the release of MGM records from 'Song of Love' . . . which will open at this time at New York's Radio City Music Hall." The question seems to be: Who is exploiting whom, or what? Everybody would like to know, especially Rubinstein.

Those who hold such "tie-ins" lightly should be reminded that, in the wake of "A Song to Remember" (the Chopin picture) RCA-Victor sold more than a million copies of the A-flat "Polonaise," which Iturbi played in this film. Following the appearance of "I've Always Loved You," in which Rubinstein played the Rachmaninoff second piano concerto, the sales of that work, in two months, were seven times the total of the whole year preceding. "Carnegie Hall" may or may not be your favorite picture, but I remember how worried one of the prominent symphony conductors in this country was when the picture was being cast. "I can't afford not to be in it," he told me saying he would lose caste if the picture came to his city and he wasn't in it. Fortunately, he was; which gives a new meaning to the term "casting director."

AT THE moment Rubinstein is touring South America, so he is not available to answer the suggestion that his next film venture will be a life of Anton Rubinstein, his distant, unrelated predecessor. Probably a film version would unearth a long-buried, non-existent family secret proving that Anton wrote the "Melody in F" just for young Artur to practise. Or they could make a composite personality of the two, trading on that public gullibility which influenced many people to vote for F.D.R. in the Presidential elections of 1932 under the impression that he was the same Roosevelt as T.R.

Following his return from another long tour last year Rubinstein had an experience which proves conclusively what the machine age means. He had hardly come through the door and embraced his wife when one of the youthful Rubinstein children grabbed his coat and demanded: "Play something, daddy." Enormously flattered, as he says, that the children should be so keen to hear him play so soon after his return, he walked to the piano and pondered what exhibition of virtuosity would most repay such filial interest. Again the child tugged at his coat saying: "No, daddy—phonograph."

AS I WRITE this, the Bowl concerts are going on, in a way that reminds me of a remark Virgil Thomson passed along before I left New York. "The night for the heavy, serious programs—Beethoven and Brahms—is Thursday," he said. "They've found that they have the most cultured audience to draw on; Thursday is servant's night out."

* * *

AMONG the distinguished transients now in California is Vladimir Horowitz, who is sunning, tanning, and forgetting. His advice to me when we met recently was: "Swim, and forget Fifty-Seventh Street." When I told him about this column, he said he would consent to a "serious" interview if I wanted it.

After all his experience of recording, said Horowitz, he had reached the conclusion that the best reproduction of a performance is no more than a photographic likeness. "The best you can expect," he said, "is black-and-white effects." He looks forward to the day when it will approach the naturalness of oil painting, in variety of color and exactness of detail.

Perhaps the reason that Horowitz was thinking in terms of painting is that he has just recorded his own new version of Mussogorsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." Horowitz fans can also look forward to new recordings by him of Liszt's sixth "Hungarian Rhapsody" and the "G-minor Ballad" of Chopin. Apropos of Horowitz (as Anatole France said of Shakespeare)

A RECORDING SURVEY

From time to time, RECORDINGS *will survey its readers on subjects of interest to all phonograph owners and record buyers. What is your view on the following:*

PROGRAM NOTES IN RECORD ALBUMS

—— I like them as they are.

—— I prefer booklets separate from the albums.

—— I like inserts with photographs, even if they add to the cost of the album.

—— I would prefer the album without any notes if it would reduce the cost.

—— Opera librettos are valuable in a complete recording.

—— Opera librettos are unnecessary, if they add to the cost of an album.

—— Notes would add to the appreciation of the work if they had more historical information.

—— Notes would add to the appreciation of the work if they had more musical analysis.

—— Recordings of song cycles would be improved by publishing the texts and its translation.

—— The English text of a song cycle is sufficient.

Please mark your preference with an X in the indicated space, and send clipping to RECORDINGS, *SRL*, 25 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

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"Would you mind plugging in my electric guitar?"

let me speak of myself—I have a Debussy album coming out for Columbia in October.

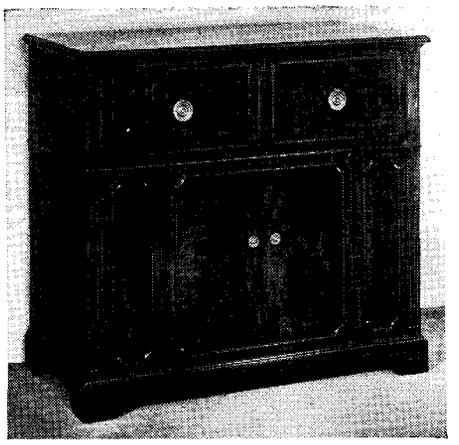
* * *

ON THE way out to Hollywood, I was lucky enough to speed the time with the help of a famous fellow-traveler (strictly Super-Chief), Irving Berlin. We were talking about various books and he asked me one day: "What kind of education did you have?" Not too proudly I answered: "Well, I didn't quite finish high school." He looked at me with admiration and envy. "Gee, that's a good background."

Like most composers with a sure sense of what they're doing, Berlin has strong opinions about his own new compositions. At a party recently, he acquainted us with the score of his forthcoming picture "Easter Parade," playing what he described as "six great new songs." This I would describe as Irving Berlin's answer to psychoanalysis. (The fact is that every one of the songs is first-class Berlin).

* * *

ON THE set where we have been making "Romance in High C" nobody misses a word that Michael Curtiz says. Here's why. The other day Curtiz stopped in the middle of a take and said: "I don't like the lighting. It's too Semitic." Even the lighting director was puzzled by this description of the set-up and had to let Curtiz arrange the thing by himself, the way he wanted it. After changing this and that, he expressed his satisfaction, and it became perfectly clear what he meant. He meant that the lighting was too symmetrical.



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—PAGEANT MAGAZINE

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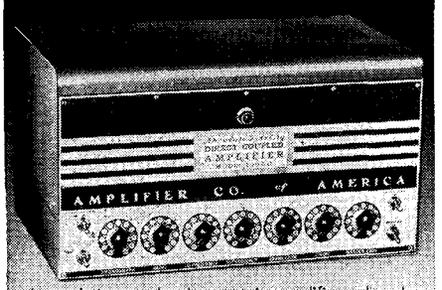

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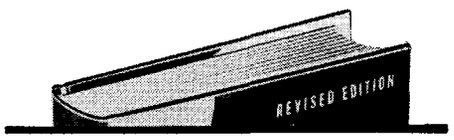
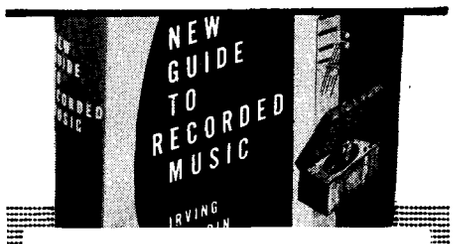


"The Roget's Thesaurus of recorded music"—*Milwaukee Journal*



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BROADWAY

ON MAIN STREET

NO MATTER how far off the road of the touring musical comedy you live these days, you can enjoy their music in a way that just wasn't possible a score or even a dozen years ago. Symphonies and grand operas were recorded in sequence and attractively housed in albums, complete with a booklet of program notes, but show music was found only on individual records occasionally made by the original artist but more likely by orchestras with vocalists who never saw Broadway. Sometimes these singers and popular recording orchestras were encountered as a stage attraction in a film house, in a night club, or in what was left of vaudeville. Really recording a show in sequence with the original cast was completely unknown. Nowadays it is an attractive commonplace.

You will still find certain recording companies, however, which employ regular artists under contract to them, to make show albums rather than to seek Broadway's cast. Their text seems to be, "Our contracted voices are better and if you haven't seen the show, you get a better idea of what it is like, if it is sung with more important voices. Careful orchestration will supply the background necessary to enjoyment." Al Goodman, Victor's popular recording star and leader of the orchestra for many Broadway shows of the past, supports this view.

However, there is a fallacy somewhere in that opinion or else why is there such spirited bidding among the record companies to secure the services of the original artists of a smash hit? The "Oklahoma!" and "Carmen Jones" albums have sold in astronomical figures because of that magic phrase "original cast." Perhaps the show doesn't play Peoria but you can sit comfortably in your living room and know that what you hear is just the same as Broadway hears at six dollars a seat. It also follows the advertising principle "Don't accept a substitute."

A case in point, of course, is "Brigadoon" (Victor P-178, $4.85), Cheryl Crawford's solid musical hit with Frederick Loewe's music and Alan Jay Lerner's book and lyrics Another company rushed out a small and inferior album to catch some of the trade before the original cast recorded by RCA Victor was in the record shops. Despite higher cost, the new album has been a big hit and its minor-league rival far outdistanced. "Almost Like Being in Love," "Come to Me, Bend to Me," are beautifully sung by David Brooks, Marion Bell, Lee Sullivan, and the rest of the cast. The spirit of the original is there.

"Finian's Rainbow," the Burton Lane-E. Y. (Yip) Harburg-Fred Saidy hit, is at last recorded with its original stars (Ella Logan, Donald Richards, David Wayne) and is remarkably fine (Columbia album 686, $5.50). RCA Victor, not being able to secure the "original cast" rights from Lee Sabinson and William R. Katzell (the producers), brought out its own album some months ago which sold remarkably, because it was well done and a large public unable to get into the 46th Street Theatre in New York was anxious to hear "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?"

Rainbow Records undertook a rather daring and only moderately successful experiment in making its album entitled "Romeo Loves Juliet" (Rainbow album 310, $3.85). This is a love story set to music which makes its premiere on records instead of the stage or films. Herb Handler wrote the book and lyrics while Larry Clinton supplied the music and orchestra. The title roles are well sung by Marshall Young and Janette Davis. This is just novel enough to attract a lot of attention, but in this instance the music strikes me as too derivative to applaud

The tops in album enjoyment at the present hearing is Columbia's superb twelve-inch recording of Kurt Weill's music for "Street Scene" (Columbia album 633, $7). Langston Hughes's lyrics, and particularly, Elmer Rice's book come off beautifully. Scenes of dialogue are recorded which permit the listener the best opportunity to follow the story and so to recreate the theatrical effect of this modern American opera. Polyna Stoska, Brian Sullivan, Anne Jeffreys, and some of the others of the original are present though exclusive contracts elsewhere deprived us of Norman Condon and one or two others. It is nonetheless the best job of recording we've had—daring, innovating, and conceived with a masterly sweep which carries you out of your home into the playhouse itself.

GEORGE FREEDLEY.

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Some Highs and Lows

The "Pilotuner"

THE THING known as F.M. broadcast, which has previously interested only those persons who have a combination unit in which such a circuit is included, has come to the attention of a much larger public —virtually anyone with a radio set— with the appearance of the new, economically priced "Pilotuner." This is a compact unit described by its makers as "a high quality frequency modulation unit that can be attached simply to your radio, large or small, old or new . . . to any separate phonograph, record player, or amplifier system" (Pilotuner T-601, $29.95).

No one can question the letter of that claim, and it may be said at once that the "Pilotuner" helps to fill a real need. But it should not be supposed that attaching this or a similar device to a radio will make all the benefits of F.M. transmission evident on any, or every, set.

Since those who would be interested in such a device are obviously persons not presently enjoying F.M., the "benefits" may be reviewed briefly. Probably the most striking thing about F.M. is the absence of noise during thunder storms or other climatic conditions which cause "static."

Too, an exceptional dynamic range is feasible, whereas in ordinary broadcasts of a symphony orchestra, for example, crescendos must be compressed and pianissimos enhanced. Such considerations have no part in F.M. which, it has been truly said, can transmit silence.

Similarly, tonal frequencies beyond those usually transmitted by A.M. are the essence of F.M. superiority; in fact, FCC regulations require that such stations be capable of signals up to 15,000 cycles. This can make a startling difference in the sound of the broadcast orchestra, for example; but we say *can* since most commercial receivers, A.M. or otherwise, will only handle tonal frequencies to 5,000 cycles.

So in an average good FM receiver you can count on quiet reception, better dynamic range than in AM, and *perhaps*—if you have spent a good many hundred dollars on it— that preciously enriched sound. At the present time, little live performance is being set up for FM transmission, which means that a lot of the values inherent in FM are going by the boards anyway.

What, then, of the "Pilotuner"? Small, compact, and self-contained with its own power supply in a neat wooden cabinet, it provided satisfactory signal reception on most New York stations during tests on the north shore of Long Island. An ingenious circuit makes use of the power connection as an antennae. This will generally be suitable for the stronger stations.

In the nature of F.M. transmission, tuning must be very sharp, the signal brought in right "on the nose," or there will be serious distortion and the noise rejection circuit will not function as it should. In a low price unit of this order, a precision tuning indicator cannot be provided and a little practice may be necessary for the unitiated to get good results. Some difficulty was encountered when a number of stations on adjoining channels were found to tune in so close to each other on the dial that one could not identify them without station announcements. That difficulty, admittedly, might not be encountered in another locality. Certainly the purchaser will get more than his money's worth of use from the Pilotuner.

Reading about F.M.'s capacities, or its performance under ideal conditions, the music lover and record enthusiast has been prepared to expect from F.M. a kind of reception noticeably superior to the conventional A.M. If he purchased a *complete* F.M. receiver from a reputable manufacturer, there is very little doubt that the resulting improvement would delight him. Such a device as the "Pilotuner" will not, of itself, give these results, and the disappointment, if any, should not be charged to F.M.

With this unit, the music lover or record fan will be able to bring in the constant wave of choice recorded music—mostly without annoying commercials—which is the operating budget of most metropolitan F.M. stations at the present time. It will be noise free, for the most part, and the quality of reproduction will be at least as good as ordinary A.M., in tonal and dynamic range. Under the best conditions, the reception might compare favorably with the results from a complete FM receiver of average design.

As noted above, the "Pilotuner" is but a link in the chain. What it will do in specific instances will depend considerably on the performance of the associated units, and of these each individual listener must form his own estimate. WENTWORTH D. FLING.

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THE JAZZ BEAT

MEMO: ON BEBOP

IN THESE parlous days of fissionable material it is perhaps opportune to note a more pleasant chain reaction taking place in the realm of jazz. This offshoot from the so-called "real jazz" bears the name *bebop*, an onomatopoetic term derived from the sounds the instruments make as they negotiate the characteristic curt phrasing and tortuous unison passages of this new music. The word also has sprung into use as a leader dictates phrases and passages vocally to the rest of the orchestra when he wishes to sketch in the musical background desired for a solo. For instance, Dizzy Gillespie, when rehearsing a group, will often elucidate on a particularly difficult passage with a flurry of exotic syllables such as: *bee - bobba - doe-bobba-doe-beé-oop-beé-oop* (the writer's approximation of the opening phrase from Gillespie's "Hot House" in Musicraft's new Bebop Album S-7).

Lest you carp too quickly and brand these effusions as childish, remember that Sir Thomas Beecham and countless other symphonic conductors clarify difficult passages vocally during rehearsal for the benefit of the orchestra. If put to paper these mountings would seem as bizarre as the passage transcribed above—yet they are invaluable in exposition to the players whether it's ta-tum ta-tum or *bebop*.

This school of new music had its beginnings in Minton's Playhouse, a rather fancy Harlem bistro where a sympathetic group of disciples formed around a nucleus consisting of Dizzy Gillespie, Theolonius Monk, Kenny Clark, Charlie Parker, and others. It was here that a new clique developed as more and more musicians came around after hours and on their night off to sit in and absorb the concepts of this trailblazer.

Today fewer and fewer neophytes strive to emulate Louis Armstrong and the old school. For better or for worse Dizzy and his cohorts are the reigning idols, the inspiring models and mentors. As these youngsters mature and infiltrate into the "name" bands, invading the recording and radio studios, they will exert a tremendous influence on the popular music of the country. Intricately arranged big-band works with *bebop* effects and colors will be accepted by more and more people. Already Stan Kenton, Boyd Raeburn, and the disbanded Woody Herman Herd have a legion of followers, proving that the new music can pay its way. This is not to say that Kenton, Raeburn, *et al.* are examples of *bebop*. They bear the same relation to the intricate, small-band *bebop* that, say, swing bears to inspired, small-band improvisation.

Bebop is an exciting and engrossing new concept in music with the accent on intellectual appeal rather than emotional. It deserves your attention for it is sincere music executed by intelligent, virtuoso musicians. During its early years many of the disciples led a hungry and miserable existence, refusing lucrative jobs which would deny them the opportunity to play as they pleased. It is an acquired taste as is so much of jazz and classical repertoire. How many of us found Louis Armstrong's Hot Five, Duke Ellington's band, the raucous Bessie Smith a trifle hard to assimilate at first listening? But, how well worth the trouble! The same is true of Stravinsky and Shostakovitch, Gillespie and Clark.

If you are not afraid to explore a bit and would like to discover a music that is exciting, intriguing, and unique, the following records are listed as some of the better *bebop* sides currently available. Listen to them all several times and, if possible, in the order named. "Salt Peanuts," Guild 1003; "All the Things You Are" and "Groovin' High," Musicraft Alb. S-7; "Night in Tunisia" and "52nd Street Theme," Victor Alb. HJ-9; "Shaw Nuff," Musicraft 354; "Things to Come," Musicraft 447.

RIGHT WING

Louis Armstrong and His Hot Five, Vol. 2 (C-139, Columbia, 8 sides, $3.40).

Before this album was issued, the "righteous rightist" would have spent months, perhaps years, of searching and considerable expense in acquiring these sides. Indeed, some he could not have had at any price until 1940, for two of these sides had been coyly hibernating in a Bridgeport warehouse, part of the prodigal lot of unused recordings, a situation seemingly inevitable in the operation of large companies. Another avakianthology, this is both a bonanza for the avid collector and a delightful package for the dilettante who would delve into the jazz classics. Louis as usual plays with an effortless elegance that has never found an equal and the ensemble (which includes Kid Ory, Johnny Dodds, and Lonnie Johnson) has an infectious, relaxed quality. This emancipation from the metronome and consequent fluidity is one of the delights of collective improvisation.

Recording: Good, considering they are among the earliest electrical recordings in existence. Surface: Good.

LEFT WING

Bebop (Album 140, Keynote, 6 sides, $3).

An audit of these sides reveals three

—*William Gottlieb.*

"Today fewer and fewer neophytes strive to emulate Louis Armstrong and the old school."

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approaches to the subject at hand. Dave Lambert scats in unison with Buddy Stewart; Neal Hefti's combo borrows a few Dizzy licks and merely sounds like a very sophisticated 52nd Street crew; Red Rodney's Beboppers, in showcasing their leader's fantastic trumpet, help give further evidence that Rodney is probably the most facile and the most inventive of the Gillespie-influenced youngsters.
Recording: Good. Surface: Excellent.

LENNIE TRISTANO TRIO: *I Can't Get Started: Out On A Limb* (K-647, Keynote, 75¢).

I would like to go out on a limb and hail the first side as the most magnificently eloquent piano recording I have heard in years. The guitarist, Billy Bauer, and Tristano on piano play in almost unbelievable rapport to achieve their unique, stunning result. It may seem a bit abstruse at first hearing as the melody is never stated, merely implied. Don't miss this new music. I recommend it unreservedly.
Recording: Good. Surface: Fair.

CENTER

BILLIE HOLLIDAY: Hot Jazz Classics (Album C-135, Columbia, 8 sides, $3.40).

The petulantly appealing voice of Miss Holliday is here again and welcome, warm and rich with the tearful attack which has been the model of too many latter-day vocalists. She sings with a conviction that somehow lends dignity and meaning to even the most specious roundelays of Tin Pan Alley.

Columbia's Jazz Consultant, George Avakian, has ransacked the company's cupboards and garnered eight great recordings of Billie at her best. The dates range from 1936 to 1942, a period which most critics agree covers the best years of her life, musically speaking. Two previously unissued sides, "Until the Real Thing Comes Along" and "I Cover the Waterfront," take this album out of the luxury class and group it with necessities like wine and women. Also notable: that seldom-heard threnody of human bondage, "When a Woman Loves a Man"; the delicious ribaldry of "Billie's Blues"; an inspired rendition of the classic "I Can't Get Started." Illustrious personnels enhance this remarkable voice and the labels are crowded with artists like Bunny Berrigan, Cozy Cole, Lester Young, Claude Thornhill, Dickie Wells, Teddy Wilson, and Artie Shaw — indeed, names to conjure with. Get this album and conjure with them.
Recording: Good. Surface: Good.

TRUE OR FALSE

Which of these artists have, or have not, recorded together?

(*Answers on Page 20*)

1. T. Dorsey and Duke Ellington?
2. Jascha Heifetz and A. Rubinstein?
3. Toscanini and Flagstad?
4. Mildred Bailey and Artie Shaw?
5. Enesco and Monteux?

KING COLE TRIO: *That's What; Naughty Angeline* (Capitol B437, 60¢).

This is presumably the Trio's answer to Dave Lambert's old scat query with Krupa entitled "What's This?". The King replies, "That's what," after about three minutes of suave, wordless mouthings voiced in unison with guitar. Fine kicks. The reverse is the usual competent vocal treatment from King Cole wasted on a rather inconsequential pop.
Recording: Excellent. Surface: Excellent (reviewer's Vinylite copy).

NELLIE LUTCHER: *He's a Real Gone Guy; Let Me Love You Tonight* (Capitol 40017, 60¢).

The first time I heard this lassie give vent to song I had a feeling that Spike Jones was somehow mixed up in the proceedings. However, after hearing one of her renditions four or five times it is possible to report that it gets where it doesn't hurt too much. Listen to this for some of the weirdest phrasing and inflections on record. You may like it.
Recording: Good. Surface: Excellent (reviewer's Vinylite copy).

BENNY GOODMAN: *Tattletale; Dizzy Fingers* (Capitol B439, 60¢).

The first side is a BG-Tommy Todd original which bounces along pleasantly with the leader's usual light and airy clary. Not even Goodman's technical mastery can mask the intrinsic corniness of the tired Zez Confrey opus on the second side. Capitol should ransack the classical literature for clarinet rather than give this shallow material to Goodman.
Recording: Good. Surface: Excellent (reviewer's Vinylite copy).

GILBERT MCKEAN.

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HITS AND MISSES

TO LEAD the reader through the heaps of deadening mechanical popular records to light music that is really fresh, that will linger on his shelves and in his ears—that is the aim of this column. This country, indeed this side of the world generally has a reputation for such music; you have only to think of the great American popular song output of the '20's, so much of which is revived today, of the colorful products of various Latin-American traditions, and of the remarkable, spontaneous hot jazz, springing out of Afro-America, with a host of talented players, black and white.

Unfortunately, all these kinds of music have been subjected to the routine commercial development characteristic of this mass-production era. The musical demands of the radio and the sound cinema are apparently insatiable, and in response to them a whole world of popular music-making has grown up which is notably lacking in spirit and invention but deals in stereotyped, slickly packaged commodities. I think especially of those incredibly slow, oozing sentimental dance tunes, which someone has vividly described as "droopy drawers," and of the violent rhythmic monotony and screaming brass of the so-called "jump" bands. Undoubtedly there never was a period when so much popular material was produced — most of it in stultifying formula.

One might suppose, from a casual sampling of the market, that there was little of the genuinely appealing left in current light music. But that would be a mistake. Just as the best American songwriters—Kern, Gershwin, Rodgers, Berlin, Porter—have produced their irresistible musical literature in the commercial atmosphere of show business, just as a capitalist like Bing Crosby occasionally gets hold of an infectious song like "Siboney" (Decca 23547, $.75) and sings it superbly, so the lyric impulse endures even in the world of International Business Machines and International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Music is a tough art, thriving on oppression, kicking back at obstacles, often living in men when little else seems alive. We have long known this about the graver music, but it is equally true, in corresponding terms, of the light. What is required is the patience to find the valuable music out—patience this column hopes it possesses.

Beyond the demands of commercialization, the month's records suggest that another recent sin of the popular music field is the neglect of the very nature of the popular song. At its best it is a fragile thing—tuneful certainly, poignant perhaps, or sentimental or witty or syncopated, but in any event light, unpretentious, evanescent. Like a good many emotional but modest young women, it

needs subtle handling to bring out the best in it—in which case it can surprise you. It does not reward forcing or overstatement, power tactics or rhetoric. And yet that is just what many modern interpreters, for reasons of misunderstanding or commercialism or whatnot, give it.

A NEW album for instance, the "Mel Powell Program" (Commodore album 6, $3.85) featuring a gifted young jazz pianist with his orchestra, takes a simple melody called "Lover Man" and works it up into a wildly repellent fantasia, including many kinds of effects, dissonant and otherwise, which have nothing to do with the innocent if not particularly attractive tune. The whole thing stems out of those "symphonic" mistreatments Paul Whiteman used to give to melodies like "Among My Souvenirs." On the other side, Powell and his cohorts race through some loud, improvised choruses of "Avalon," leaving that classic far behind. All of this multi-colored uproar is the more suprising because in three short contrapuntal "Sketches"—also in the album—Powell shows himself a composer of considerable restraint and taste.

In the album "Holiday for Strings" (MGM 3, $3.85) David Rose and his orchestra wrap a number of favorites including "Sweet Sue," "Estrelita," and "Intermezzo" in veils of violin tone. I have no idea how many violins Rose actually has in the studio, but, so far as effect goes, he might as well have a thousand. Rend his veils and you will discover nothing much more substantial than the ghost of that other diaphanous fellow André Kostelanetz.

After these disappointments it is a pleasure to come upon a pair of what, I suppose, must be regarded as old masters—Dinah Shore and Frank Sinatra. Together, with some fetching harmonizing, they do two of the best ones: "Tea for Two" and Rodgers's much-neglected "My Romance" from "Jumbo" (Columbia 37528, $.60). Their not at all novel idea seems to be to present a popular song with nuance and sentiment and no tricks or supercharging. Their "My Romance" is better than Margaret Whiting's, which is marred by some flat enunciation ("My Rom-a-a-a-ance"). But in the rest of her album of Rodgers and Hart tunes (Capitol 51, $3.15) her warm and pleasing voice shows to better advantage, and the program includes some of the composer's lesser known delights such as "Little Girl Blue" and "My Funny Valentine."

Bing Crosby has accomplished an admirable revival of "Blue" ("Because We're Parted"), accompanied by some of Eddie Condon's hot jazz circle (Decca No. 24114, 75¢) and the reverse is a rousing "After You've Gone." There is a splendid passage of hot trumpet-trombone antiphony and five fast and ardent choruses in "Jack - Armstrong Blues" (Victor No. 20-2348, 60¢), with Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden and a small band of syncopators. Their jubilee brass may seem at a long remove from the dulcet Parisian confidences of Lucienne Boyer whose new album of her favorites (Columbia M-694, $4) includes the famous "Parlez-Moi d'Amour" and lesser-known magics like "J'ai Laissé Mon Coeur."

But Lucienne and Louis may well be compared. They are alike in their rich, pervading, unmistakable musicality, linked to great technique. Different as their languages may be, they are both great singers.

WILDER HOBSON.

Answers to questions from page 19

1. True—several for Victor.
2. True—Chamber music.
3. No—they never did.
4. True—some years ago.
5. True—Enesco did Bach double concerto with Menuhin, Monteux conducting.

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THE YOUNGER SET

IF SHAKESPEARE were confronted with the problem of the average parent today it is likely that he would revise his familiar line to read, "It is a wise father that knows his own child's *taste*." For the obvious difference between children's records and all others is that they are bought for the use of somebody else than the purchaser. It is a wonder, sometimes, that children listen more than once to what a parent brings home.

The "bringing home" could be much facilitated if more manufacturers would indicate the age group for which an issue is intended. Some cynics contend that it is omitted because of doubt in the maker's mind just whom it is suited to; there is also the commercial factor that an accidental sale for a twelve-year-old may be lost if the package is marked eight to eleven.

In any case, it is more useful to consider the known factors of appeal and interest which records have for youngsters in certain educational stages. The pre-school and primary child responds, physically, to rhythmic values in music; he finds it more fun to join in, rather than merely listen. DISC recognized this in starting its "Folksay" series, which includes such albums as "Nursery Days" (DISC album 605, $3.15) and "School Days" (DISC album 604, $3.15). They are well sung and skilfully presented.

This kind of "activity" record is also represented in the catalogue of the valuable Young People's Record Club, under the titles of "Sunshine" (No. 617) and "Kitchen Music" (No. 319, both $1.49). This sponsor does not hesitate to indicate age groups on its product; as you may note in its current "What the Lighthouse Sees" (No. 702, $1.49). This song session with Tom Glazer is in a nautical vein, so don't wonder if your child decides he's a tug boat after hearing it. Glazer talks and sings in a clear, pleasant voice, the music follows a folk-song pattern, and the sound effect of the boats is most realistic.

Children of this age group love to listen to simple stories and fanciful tales. A few months ago Decca offered them "Genie the Magic Record" (Decca Plastic, CV 102, $2), a gay story, imaginatively told, with lilting tunes. Peter Lind Hayes is the human performer, but the hero of the enterprise is the disc itself. Its current "Churkendoose" (Decca Plastic, CV 103, $2) is not nearly so appealing. The verbal material is involved, hard for a child to follow, Ray Bolger's delivery is raucous, and the music of Alec Wilder is more than the average child can take.

Among the more sophisticated lower-graders, records which correlate with their school studies are high in favor. Somehow this age group has not been too well represented on discs, which makes the more welcome Signature's "Paul Bunyan" (Signature album C-3, $2.25) and "David and Goliath" (album C-2, $2.25). In both the stories are by Mendi Brown, the music by Ray Bloch, Paul Swain, and Norman Luboff. Brown has done a good job of writing, and the stories have much dramatic interest. "Paul Bunyan" is the more consistent of the two, for the use of Negro spirituals in "David and Goliath" is the kind of intellectual idea that has greater appeal for grown-ups than for children.

The newest "Tubby the Tuba" (Decca No. 90011, $2) is far superior to its epoch-making predecessor for Cosmo in which Victor Jory was the narrator. Danny Kaye's debut as an entertainer for children is a happy event, for his vocal virtuosity enables him to impersonate the desolate little "Tubby," the outcast of the orchestra, in a way which is both believable and touching. Children will take Kaye's magnetic performance of the likable tale of Tubby to their hearts.

The happy ending to this survey is the stop-press news of Bing Crosby's wonderfully appealing treatment of "The Small One" (Decca Nos. 40040-1, $2.75). The original may be found in a book by Charles Tazewell (Winston), and it has been a Christmas-time favorite with Kate Smith's audience for several years. As a story teller for children, Bing shows an understanding of his audience which, perhaps, only a father of five can achieve.

In the touching story, Bing intercedes on behalf of a donkey belabored by Pedro, a Mexican peasant boy; and acquaints the youth with the glorious part of the humble beast in bearing Mary to Bethlehem. The gentleness of Bing's voice, the casual warmth of his manner will delight any child. As an example of story-telling technique, "The Small One" is tops, for it utilizes Bing only as a narrator, leaving the incidental drama to other voices.

MARIE L. MUTCH.

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HOW BANDS ARE MADE

(*Continued from page 8*)

arrived on time at the Okeh studio, a barnlike place at the corner of Washington and Wells. McKenzie brought Tommy Rockwell to meet us. Rockwell was polite but dubious. Except for Jim Lannigan I was the oldest member of the band, and I had just turned twenty-two. Mezzrow was helping Krupa set up his drums. "What are you going to do with those?" Rockwell asked. "Play them," Krupa said simply. Rockwell shook his head. "You can't do that," he said. "You'll ruin our equipment. All we've ever used on records are snare drums and cymbals." Krupa, who had been practising every day at home, looked crushed. "How about letting us try them?" I asked. "The drums are the backbone of the band. They hold us up." I could see that Rockwell was leery of the whole business; drums or no drums, I figured, we are probably going to get tossed out. "Let the kids try it," McKenzie said. "If they go wrong I'll take the rap." I didn't know until long afterward that Red had guaranteed our pay for the job. "All right," Rockwell said, "but I'm afraid the bass drum and those tom-toms will knock the needle off the record and out into the street."

THE RULES and regulations were explained to us; one white light —get ready, one red light—play. We were to run through the numbers and hear them played back to us so we could iron out the rough spots; then the master records would be cut. We warmed up and told the engineer we were ready. Rockwell and McKenzie went into the control room. I could hear the boys fidgeting behind me. Someone muttered, "Damn!" Somebody else whispered, "Where did you put the bottle?" The white light flashed. I swallowed. The red light came on. I gave the boys a beat and we jumped into "China Boy." We opened on the nose, all playing, with everyone knitting from his own ball of yarn. The nights and years of playing in cellars and saloons and ballrooms, of practising separately and together, of listening to Louis and Joe Oliver and Jimmy Noone and Leon Rappolo, of losing sleep and breathing bad air and drinking licorice gin, paid off. We were together and apart at the same time, tying up a package with six different strings. Krupa's drums went through us like a triple bourbon. Joe Sullivan took a chorus and all the good things he had learned from Earl Hines came out in his left hand. MacPartland followed him for half a chorus. Tesch finished it; then we went into an ensemble, followed by Bud on tenor saxophone. Lannigan took a release of eight bars and we finished on a long ensemble, with the tom-toms coming through strong.

Quietly we waited for the playback. When it came, pounding out through the big speaker, we listened stiffly for a moment. We had never been an audience for ourselves. Then Joe's piano chorus started and smiles began to sprout. MacPartland, Tesch, Bud, Lannigan—as each heard himself he relaxed. At the finish we were all laughing and pounding each other on the back. We were the happiest kids since the founding of Fort Dearborn. Rockwell came out of the control room smiling. "We'll have to get some more of this," he said. "Can you boys come again next week?" "We could come tomorrow," I said.

We tried "Sugar" then, a lazy rhythm. Tesch had rigged a brief three-horn introduction for himself, MacPartland, and Bud. After that we rolled along from horn solos to ensemble; Rockwell was more than satisfied. Finally we began to cut the masters, and right in the middle of "China Boy" Bud laughed and ruined it. He was taking his solo when suddenly joy overcame him. He was so happy he leaned back and guffawed. We tried again and this time I was so excited I played along with Jim Lannigan for a bar before I remembered that he was supposed to be on his own. Rockwell had a luncheon date and came to say good-by to us. "How about the nineteenth, same time?" he said. We agreed.

When it was over we stood around trying to realize what we had done. "You're in," McKenzie said. "Now all you've got to do is learn to blow your nose by yourself and you can hit Broadway." Bud began to laugh again. He couldn't stand the excitement. We packed our instruments and headed for the Three Deuces.

For our second date we decided on "Nobody's Sweetheart" and "Liza," the latter a lazy-through-Dixie tune which George Rillings and I had put together. Mezzrow was useful on this date; one of Gene's tom-toms broke loose and Mezz held it. When we walked out of the studio that day and headed for the Three Deuces we weren't even close to the sidewalk; everybody wanted to buy the first drink. "Wait until the records come out and people hear them," we kept telling each other. "It'll be the end of Wayne King." We were convinced that if the public were given a chance to hear our music it would like it and understand what we were trying to do. We were young, very young.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

VIRGIL THOMSON, composer of "Four Saints in Three Acts" and the recent "Mother of Us All," is music critic of the *New York Herald Tribune.*

NICHOLAS SLONIMSKY is the well-known musicologist and author of "Music in the Twentieth Century."

FRIEDELIND WAGNER is the granddaughter of Richard, and the daughter of Siegfried, for whom the "Siegfried Idyll" was written. She left Germany for the last time in 1939, was a propagandist for the BBC during the war, and has lived in America for the last few years.

OSCAR LEVANT, musician and radio entertainer, is the author of "A Smattering of Ignorance." He is, as indicated, now in Hollywood.

WENTWORTH D. FLING is chief engineer of the Fairchild Instrument Company, and formerly taught Romance languages at Hamilton College.

GEORGE FREEDLEY is curator of the Theatre Section of the New York Public Library.

WILDER HOBSON, an editor of *Fortune,* is the author of "American Jazz Music."

GILBERT McKEAN has written articles on jazz for *Esquire* and other magazines.

MARIE L. MUTCH, a member of the faculty of Collegiate School in New York, has lectured and written widely on music for the younger set.

EVERETTE LEE DeGOLYER, JR., record enthusiast and regular contributor to *SRL,* joins the staff of *SRL* with this issue as Assistant Editor of RECORDINGS.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY writes the regular department The New Recordings for *SRL.* He conducts a weekly radio program, "New Recordings," over WNYC in New York. He will contribute a monthly column of comment or criticism to each issue of RECORDINGS in addition to his regular department in the intervening issues of *SRL.*

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
BOSTON *(Boston Music Co.)*	Peg O' My Heart (Vita)	Jolson Story (D)	Jalousie (V)	Gaieté Parisienne (C)
CHICAGO *(Hudson-Ross)*	Temptation (Cap)	Dorothy Shay Album (C)	Jalousie (V)	Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 (V)
(Lyon and Healy)	Come to the Mardi Gras (V)	Jolson Story (D)	Music of the Spheres (C)	"Traviata" (C)
CINCINNATI *(Steinberg's)*	Peg O' My Heart (V)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Clair de Lune (V)	"Gayne" Ballet (C)
DALLAS *(Harris & Co.)*	Peg O' My Heart (V)	Freddy Martin (V)	Clair de Lune (V)	Rachmaninoff No. 2 (V)
DETROIT *(Grinnell Bros.)*	Peg O' My Heart (Vita)	Jolson Album (D)	Clair de Lune (V)	Rachmaninoff No. 2 (V)
KANSAS CITY *(Jenkins Music Co.)*	Peg O' My Heart (Vita)	Jolson Album (D)	Jalouise (V)	Rachmaninoff No. 2 (V)
MIAMI *(Asso. Stores)*	Peg O' My Heart (Cap)	Finian's Rainbow (C)	Rosenkavalier Waltzes (V)	"Traviata" (C)
NEW YORK *(Doubleday)*	Peg O' My Heart (MGM)	Dietrich Album (VOX)	Bachianas Brasilieras (C)	Beethoven Symphony No. 9 (C) (Weingartner)
(Dynamic)	Peg O' My Heart (Vita)	Finian's Rainbow (C)	Clair de Lune (C)	"Gayne" (C)
(Haynes-Griffin)	Whiffenpoof (D)	Brigadoon (V)	Opera Arias-Bjoerling (V)	"Traviata" (C)
(Liberty Music Shops)	Peg O' My Heart (Vita)	Finian's Rainbow (C)	Jalousie (V)	Henry V (V)
(Rabson's)	Come to the Mardi Gras (V)	Finian's Rainbow (C)	Bachianas Brasilieras (C)	Henry V (V)
OMAHA *(Lyon and Healy)*	Linda (C)	Jolson Album (D)	Warsaw Concerto (V)	Rhapsody in Blue (C)
PORTLAND, ME. *(Cressey and Allen)*	Peg O' My Heart (V)	Jolson Album (D)	Warsaw Concerto (V)	Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 (V)
PORTLAND, ORE. *(Sherman Clay and Co.)*	Peg O' My Heart (V)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Paganini Variations (V)	"Gayne" (C)
ROCHESTER *(Esler's)*	Peg O' My Heart (C)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Paganini Variations (V)	"Giselle" (C)
SAN FRANCISCO *(Sherman Clay and Co.)*	Temptation (Cap)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Music of the Spheres (C)	Chopin Concerto No. 1 (V)

Key: C—Columbia Cap.—Capitol D.—Decca MGM-V—Victor Vita—Vitacoustic VOX

Leaders: Of eighteen stores reporting, twelve named "Peg O' My Heart" as No. 1 seller in popular single records, with five listing the Vitacoustic record and four the Victor disc. In popular albums the "Jolson Story" (Decca) was top seller in six stores. Dorothy Shay's "Park Avenue Hillbilly" in five. The Boston "Pops" record of "Jalousie" and "Clair de Lune" were even contestants in the classical "single" category, each with five; and second piano concerto of Rachmaninoff was the best-selling classical album, reported by five stores.

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WANTED: LOUIS ARMSTRONG disk on which Lionel Hampton plays vibraphone intro. Specify title, condition of record. Box R13.

GOODMAN FAN would like to compare notes on personnel of obscure records—"Charleston Chasers," "Ted" Lewis sides, Ben Pollack band, etc. Anybody with opinions invited to correspond. Box R14.

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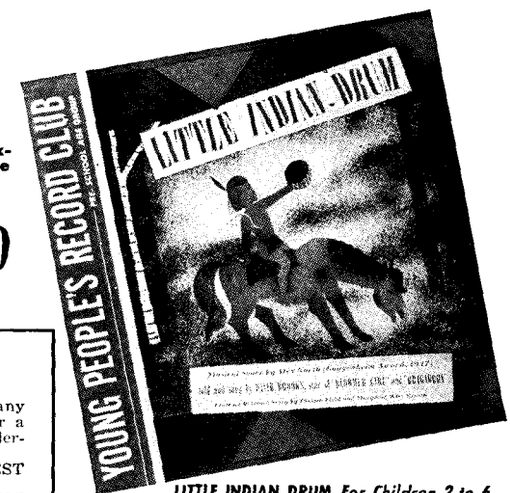

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Folks didn't think much of Lentil's *harmonica playing, but they changed* their minds in a hurry when his wonderful music saved the town a very great embarrassment." Told by Norman Rose. Harmonica music by Eddy Manson.

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Each month the Young People's Record Club's distinguished board of musicians and child educators selects two musical subjects—one for children in the two-to-six age group, and one for sevens-to-elevens. Each selection is judged by the highest standards of entertainment and musical value. Every record brings to your child the complete wonder, melody, fun and rhythm of music that delights him most . . . and, above all, it MUST help him to develop a natural, unspoiled taste for the best in music. To make doubly sure that these objectives are achieved, each selection is recorded by leading artists exclusively on Young People's Records, and is pre-tested in class rooms and nursery schools. Thus your child is assured of music that is appropriate to his age . . . music that will excite and fascinate him, while it progressively guides him, as you perhaps were never guided, to ever more thrilling stages of musical appreciation.

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Never before has educational entertainment for children been created on so broad a level. Every record gives your child something to DO . . . to play, sing and act in happy participation with the theme of the music or story. From the very first listening stages of rhythm and play activity, your child is gradually introduced to stories, children's songs, instrumental and orchestral selections. Folk-lore, music of outstanding American composers, and the enchanting treasures of other lands provide an ever expanding series of delightful musical experiences. Each selection is captured with rare fidelity on 10-inch Permadisc unbreakable plastic records, permitting the child to handle them without supervision. Records are mailed monthly in colorful jackets, illustrated by outstanding children's artists. The reverse of the jacket provides complete lyrics, stories and other instructive and entertaining information. Club members receive these wonderful records at a price lower than that of ordinary unbreakable children's records.

Please Accept This Record for Your Child

Give your child an opportunity to enjoy music acclaimed by thousands—including hundreds of nursery and primary schools, with a membership in the Young People's Record Club. Unless you are completely delighted with this unique and approved method of developing your youngster's musical tastes, you may cancel your child's membership within ten days after receiving the free record, and the first month's selection. Full membership price will be promptly refunded, and the gift record is your child's to keep, absolutely free. You need only return the selection of the month. If you do not cancel, your child will receive nine additional records, one each month, except July and August. At your request gift card in your name will be included with the first record. For the best in children's music—send the coupon today!

Every Record Prepared by This Eminent Board

DR. HOWARD HANSON . . . Outstanding American composer conductor. Dir. Eastman School of Music.

PROFESSOR DOUGLAS S. MOORE . . . Noted American composer. Head of Dept. of Music, Columbia University.

DR. RANDOLPH SMITH . . . Educator and *Psychologist*. Dir., Little Red School House.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD... *Noted American* poet and teacher.

Young People's Record Club, Inc., 40 W. 46th St., New York 19, N.Y.

Young People's Record Club, Inc.,
Dept. 8SRL, 40 W. 46th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Please enroll.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Age..... Date of Birth.....

Purchaser.....

Address.....

City and State.....

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☐ Regular Annual Membership (ten records, mailed one each month, except July and August) *plus* **FREE** *record dividend of* **LITTLE INDIAN DRUM** *or* **LENTIL**, according to age. I enclose $12.50 plus 6c postage per record—total $13.10 as full payment, including Federal Tax. I may cancel by returning the first month's selection within 10 days of receipt, and you will refund my full purchase price.

☐ Monthly payment Membership. I hereby agree to purchase a membership (ten records a year—mailed one each month except July and August) to be billed me and payable monthly at $1.39 plus 6c postage each. With the first month's selection, include **FREE** record dividend, **LITTLE INDIAN DRUM** or **LENTIL**, according to age. I may cancel without obligation by returning the first month's selection within 10 days of receipt.

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